

John McLaughlin on
'Our' Soviet Sub
—See page 1396

NATIONAL REVIEW

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VATICAN II

**TWENTY
YEARS
LATER**

**FALWELL
DETOXIFIED**

Dinesh D'Souza

Articles by: John H. Knox, John Chamberlain, John Burke.
Terry Teachout interviews James Clavell.
Plus book reviews by Sobran, Royal, Mallon.



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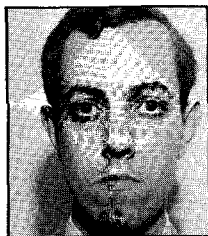
Audi: the art of engineering.



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BURKE
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MALLON
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WILLIAMSON
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PETERSEN
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Twenty Years Later

1400 A Priest Looks Back on Vatican II

The Second Vatican Council chose to stress man's goodness while indulging his weakness. In this it was the lengthened shadow of the Pope who saw it through: Paul VI, who, unlike his predecessors, had no stomach for confronting the surging evils of his time. The result has been the reverse of what was intended: a falling off of laic devotion, increased discontent among the clergy, rising demands for new reforms that would vitiate and even contradict the body of Catholic teaching and tradition. John Paul II wants to restore discipline, but, for all his virtues, it is by no means clear that he is capable of doing so.

John H. Knox

1414 Museum of Marxism

Well, you can say one thing for Albania's rulers: they sure haven't betrayed the Revolution!

John Burke

Books Arts & Manners

1420 "I'm not a novelist, I'm a storyteller," insists James Clavell. Just about the most gripping storyteller around, is all. Also a patriotic, royalist Briton who has found his inspiration in the Far East, who has unblushingly made his KGB characters bad guys, and who withal has gotten friendly reviews in the *New York Times*. His books are among the best-sellers of the century. He recently told our **Terry Teachout** his views on freedom, China, diplomacy, and—of course—the art of telling stories. . . . **Joseph Sobran** praises Tolstoy, who has written another splendid book about Russia. . . . **Robert Royal** hefts a new biography of the other Great Dictator, Mussolini. . . . Paul Fussell, known for his fine work on the First World War, now tackles the Second—along with the "Boy Scout Handbook," Graham Greene, and Walt Whitman. **Thomas Mallon** is impressed, and abashed. . . . **D. Keith Mano** celebrates the Nobel Sperm Bank.

Articles & Columns

1396 The Russians Are Coming Here

Don't look now, but there's a Russian submarine staring at you.

John McLaughlin

1397 Systemic Sicknesses

The condition of the Western democracies at this moment is sad, sad.

Brian Crozier

1398 Reaganomics Equals Carternomics

About all those tax and spending cuts we keep hearing we've experienced . . .

Tom Bethell

1404 In the Shadow of the Wall

The Mont Pelerin Society assembled in West Berlin this year, there to ponder the relation between a market economy and foreign policy.

John Chamberlain

1411 Falwell Detoxified:

A Student Editor's Experience

In an interview with three student journalists, the Reverend Jerry Falwell sounded off on the press, book-burning, the liberal clergy, Norman Lear, and "Hanoi Rose."

Dinesh D'Souza

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Kirkpatrick Revisited

Charles Kesler ["Jeane Kirkpatrick: Not Quite Right," Oct. 29] made a valiant attempt to refute Mrs. Kirkpatrick's argument that there is no room for a human-rights desk in our foreign-policy-making establishment. Mr. Kesler agrees that we are plagued by left-wing spokesmen, at the UN and elsewhere, pulling human rights out of every empty hat. But he argues that the way to combat them is not to deny the relevance of the concern, but, rather, to point out the distinction between human rights and human "rights." And this, he tells Mrs. Kirkpatrick and others disillusioned by the Carter Administration's preoccupation with human rights, can only be done by accepting the philosophical doctrine that human rights are grounded in nature and can be discovered through reason. Hence, "Our foreign policy is our human-rights policy." This is all truly inspirational, but I am sure that Mrs. Kirkpatrick has read Aristotle too. While commending Mr. Kesler for shedding new light on a fine old definition, I will continue to back Jeane Kirkpatrick for recognizing how difficult it indeed is to implement these grand locutions in modern-day foreign policy.

Taft Wolfham III
Sarasota, Fla.

Apathy or Defect

Speaking as an individual educated in the late Seventies/early Eighties, I see the same lack of support for current issues in my own generation that David Frum describes in "A Memo to the Freshman Class" [Oct. 1]. One could call it apathy.

Mr. Frum says, "There is one movement where there were once a dozen." That is true. The nuclear arms race, the Hunger Project, homosexual rights, acid rain are only a few of the many projects all in need of attention, but "to the despair and mystification of the radicals" they are not lionized but ignored. Not even students seem to want to get involved. With myriad issues at hand, Yale radicals cannot rouse support. "No one is paying much attention," says Frum.

Perhaps the turmoil of the Vietnam War, the Watergate scandal, the hostages in Iran, and the continuing Mideast wars has scared young people into a shocked conservatism—never to radicalize again. However, I believe that this is simply an excuse; as Ralph Waldo Emerson said years ago, "All conservatives are such from personal defects."

With the magnitude of problems this generation must face—pollution, hunger,

nuclear bombardment—"personal defects" such as our past burns must be cured, and all energy should be directed toward the changes that will eventually occur. If we "radicalize" now in preparation for these changes, the future will be cleaner.

Sloane Smith
Troy, N.Y.

Not One Iota

We in San Diego who have known T. Claude Ryan are appreciative of your RIP recognition of him [Oct. 15]. All that you said of him, save one small item, is true—and let not this demurral subtract one iota from your encomium.

Mr. Ryan, by a stroke of circumstance, did not build the *Spirit of St. Louis*. True, he and Frank Mahoney established the first flying service between here and Los Angeles in 1922. However, Mahoney bought Ryan's share of the partnership in 1926, the year before Charles Lindbergh came to town.

It fell to the lot of Frank Mahoney, his designer, Donald A. Hall, and their valiant crew, to reshape the Ryan monoplane to fit Lindbergh's unique requirements. It is also interesting that one of that original crew survived to supervise the building of a replica of the *Spirit of St. Louis*, added to the San Diego Aerospace Museum last year. His name is Ed Morrow.

It detracts nothing from the capacities and virtues of T. Claude Ryan, who went on to build Ryan Aeronautical Co. (now Teledyne-Ryan), to give this credit to the man to whom it is due.

Charles R. La Dow
San Diego, Calif.

Batting Clean-Up

Is one of your editorial writers a Milwaukeean ["The Boys of Autumn," Oct. 29]? I'm sure the residents of that city would have loved to see their own Brewers defeat the Braves, who deserted Milwaukee back in the Sixties and left it baseball-less for several years; but, alas for the Brewers, it didn't turn out that way.

Also, in the same editorial, Red Barber may be one of those whose names have "an archaic rural quality" (I am less convinced about Reggie Jackson and Robin Yount), but a player he never was.

Julie Wilcox
Chicago, Ill.

Five Females

After reading W. H. von Dreele's "Fireperson, Save My Child" [Oct. 15], it occurred to me that I've had the impression for some time that your contributors are

Technology and Art

On the back of the one dollar bill is a Latin inscription: *annuit coeptis*. It means: be favorable to bold enterprise. Benjamin Franklin chose this motto because he believed initiative and innovation were singular characteristics of the people he helped forge into a new nation.

This is still true today. But like an acorn that will not grow into an oak without water, innovation must be irrigated or it will wither. Initiative needs to be nurtured or it will not take root.

That is partly why United Technologies spends more on research and development than all but six other U.S. corporations, most of them substantially larger than ours.

It also partly explains why we contribute to the arts. As with research and development, United Technologies is a leader in supporting the arts. In fact, as a percentage of total corporate giving, our corporation contributes about three times the national average to the arts.

Why is a high-technology corporation involved in the arts? Actually, the world of technology and the world of art are not that much different. Both rely on the imagination of the individual. Both strive for innovation and excellence. Both provoke our thoughts, uplift our spirits, and improve and enrich our lives.

The fruits of technology, like the best of art, sometimes puzzle us, oftentimes stir us, but always rivet our attention. Art and technology both present the uncommon marvel of daring and deliberation working together, each carried to its highest level.

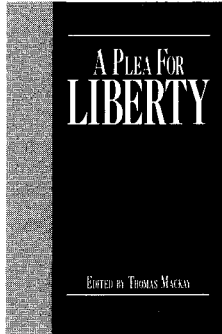
Art and technology both reflect bold enterprise. Neither is a slave to tradition. Neither believes in change for its own sake. Neither is limited by what others believe possible. Both seek to explore the bounds of imagination.

Nearly 400 years ago, in the last half of the 16th century, Queen Elizabeth of England came upon Sir Walter Mildmay, one of her court favorites, whom she had not seen for some time. "Sir Walter," she inquired, "where have you been?" Mildmay, who had been away establishing Emanuel College at Cambridge, answered, "Madam, I have been away planting an acorn. And when it becomes an oak, God only knows *what* it will amount to."

Art, like research and development, begins as an acorn. Nurtured and irrigated, the acorn can grow to the fullest. And what the harvest brings from this effort will amount to a bold enterprise indeed.



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overwhelmingly male. Today I took a count.

Using the 17 issues that happen to be at hand in my university library—those from March 5 to October 15 of this year—I find the following: 102 portraits of contributors appear on your table of contents page; 97 are of males, five of females; only two of the females contributed articles, the others book reviews.

It makes me wonder about your contributors and your audience.

Eileen Spring
Baltimore, Md.

'Value' of Spending?

Although I accept the criticism of public-sector wastefulness underlying Tom Bethell's column entitled "Taxes and GNP" [Sept. 17], the theoretical analysis is shaky. It is not reasonable to argue that government spending adds no value whatsoever to the national economy and should therefore not be included in GNP statistics. Mr. Bethell admits that the security bought by the defense budget may be valuable, but this "value cannot be expressed in dollars." Presumably, then, police and fire protection—government-provided—also have no dollar value. But, to be consistent, should we not subtract from GNP all expenditures on personal security as well: insurance, fire alarms, strong-boxes, handguns, etc.? Or is a handgun valuable if purchased by a private individual but valueless if bought by local government for use by a policeman?

Education is another large part of government spending. Since Mr. Bethell would subtract publicly financed education from GNP, should he not lop off money spent on private education as well? And what about government-sponsored research?

It seems that Mr. Bethell has concocted (perhaps unwittingly) some new definition of "value." Would he please make it explicit? Such definitions cannot be taken for granted. Here in the USSR only tangibles like steel, oil, and tanks (defense spending!) are considered "valuable." And yet looking around I see little that I would consider of real value.

John F. Fogarty
Moscow, USSR

Heavy-Handed?

You represented Peter Crumpet ["An Informal Letter from Spain," Oct. 1] as being "an old hand on Spain." Well, forget that. He doesn't even speak the language correctly. What's doing with this house called "Las Silencias"?

Old hand indeed!

F. Reid Buckley
Camden, S.C.

Please forgive Mr. Crumpet. He was too overcome by the misfortunes of his friends to remember that silencio is masculine in Spanish.

—LB

How we're making the incubator safer for babies.



When a baby is born prematurely, even the air the baby breathes can be a menace.

It must be pure air, free of any trace of toxic substances—such as oil vapors.

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It's still too early to know how many babies will be helped because of these compressors.

But we like to think that some of the best ideas to help people are the ones that help very little people.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

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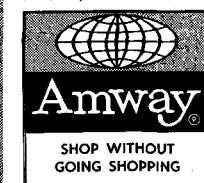
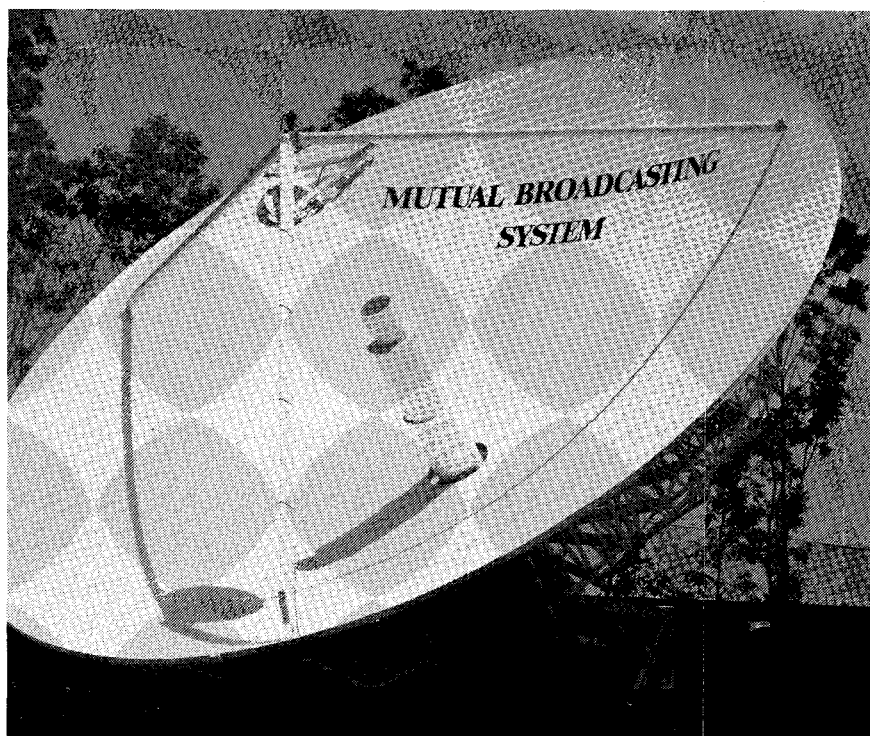
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If you would like to join in furthering the principles of free enterprise, write: Dr. Joseph McNamara, 7575 E. Fulton Rd., Ada, MI 49355.



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I must take exception to a small portion of Russell Kirk's "Conservatism: A Succinct Description" [Sept. 3]. Kirk quotes Daniel Boorstin as saying, "The American Constitution is not for export" and further states, "There can be no *Capitalist Manifesto* to set against the *Communist Manifesto*." That is hogwash.

When President Reagan addressed Wyoming state legislators and told us he intends to return to a constitutional government, he is telling us that he rejects "democratic" socialism as a viable scheme for government and that, as Kirk puts it, liberal ideas "seem in the sere and yellow leaf."

Russell L. Donley

Market Maintained

The answer is in the sentence just before the one he quoted from my letter: "... market allocation does not require private ownership of large-scale corporations." Market allocation can do the job. But Michael Novak emphasizes another aspect, what he calls the "social character" of the corporation: "The corporation is inherently and in its essence corporate. The very word suggests communal, nonindividual, many acting together. Those who describe capitalism by stressing the individual entrepreneur miss the central point."

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Tom Bethell that only markets can provide required economic information ["The Gnostic Fallacy," July 23].

Plain Talk

Perhaps Mr. Cody ["Letters," Oct. 29] can stretch his imagination and follow the analogies I am about to make: Say "plain" is what the Constitution is. Say a completed sentence is the way in which the Court interprets and how the law fits into legal systems and common practice. Then Mr. Cody's question, "How much *plainer*

do we have to make it?" becomes a very interesting question. The rule of thumb, like the Constitution, is that one-syllable words become comparatives by adding -er. But one could choose to say "more plain" just as easily. However, a person usually considers also the sound of the line, the emphasis needed, which version is used by his/her ethnic background, etc. "More plain" may sound better than "plainer," but whose ear do we use? Whose rules do we use to choose the word or judge the intent behind it?

The Pope and Revolution:

John Paul II Confronts Liberation Theology

Edited by Quentin L. Quade
Foreword by Richard John Neuhaus

"John Paul II [insists] that religion remain a transcendent value, free from ideological attempts to harness it exclusively to economics and politics. As a Polish Christian he was in a prophetic position to see that, in confronting a Marxist or liberal absolutist system, the essential things that Christians need are their own faith, pulpits, discipline. And these are not primarily political."

—James V. Schall, S.J.
Georgetown University

"The questions engaged by this volume are of ecumenical importance, because all the churches—mainline Protestant, Orthodox, Lutheran, and evangelical, as well as Catholic—are embroiled in thinking through the nature of Christian responsibility for the social and political order."

—Richard John Neuhaus
Lutheran theologian

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—Michael Novak
American Enterprise Institute

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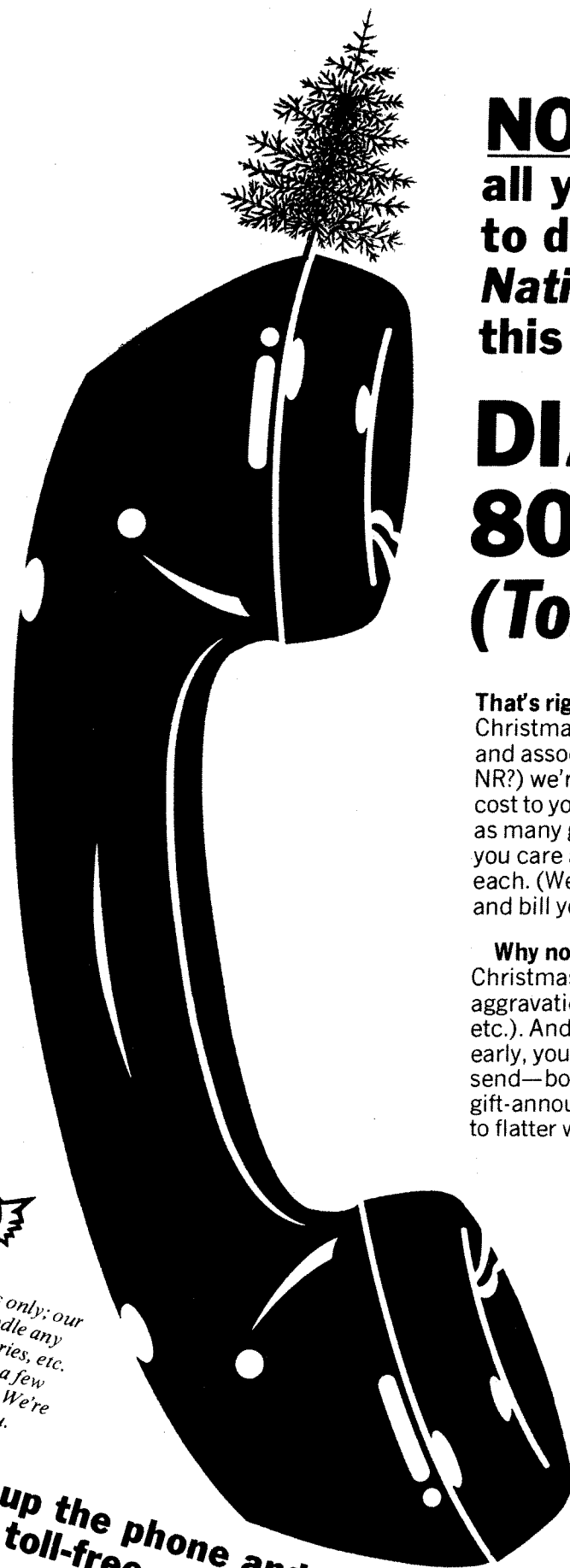
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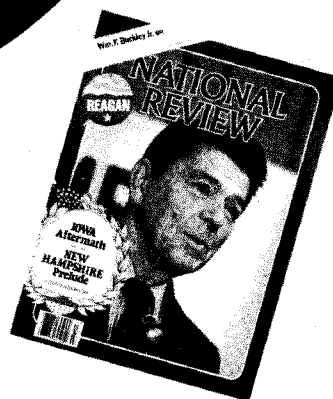
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welcome now.**



FOR THE RECORD

■ November 2 fallout. As of the week before the election, aides around **Ronald Reagan** say loss of 15 to twenty seats from Administration's "working coalition" in House—GOP members and conservative Democrats—could force reduction in scope of "Reagan Revolution" or, if Reagan decides to fight, could result in a series of stalemates with Congress. . . . Outcome of mid-term election will also affect Reagan decision on a second term. "If we take a bath," says a White House aide, "it will increase pressure for an early decision." . . . Democratic National Committee Chairman **Charles Manatt** says Reagan remains "politically formidable." He told *Christian Science Monitor* that Democrats will gain "15 or more seats in the House," but hedged that a while later, when speaking to *Washington Post*, saying Democrats would gain 12 to 15 in House. . . . **Richard Richards**, outgoing chairman of Republican National Committee, sees GOP "losing no more than ten to 12 seats in the House. And I see us picking up a net gain of three in the Senate." Comments Richards: "If the Democrats had a program they could sell in a heads-up way, I think we'd be in real trouble. But they're running against **Herbert Hoover**." . . . Going out on a limb: Democratic pollster **Pat Caddell** says if Democrats play their cards right, they could win forty or more seats in House and could have a chance (though remote) of regaining control of Senate. . . . National Education Association, largest teachers' union in nation and strong Reagan foe, has contributed \$1.2 million to '82 campaign and endorsed 329 House and Senate candidates, says **Kenneth Melley**, NEA's director of political affairs. All but 18 of 329 are Democrats. Favored GOP few include **Lowell Weicker** (Conn.), **John Heinz** (Pa.), and **Robert Stafford** (Vt.).



Martin, Punch

Rothco

■ Senator **Sam Nunn** (D., Ga.) has come out against proposal, already approved by Senate Appropriations Committee, to withdraw 23,000 American GIs stationed in Europe. When lame-duck session begins November 29, Nunn will seek a freeze on U.S. troop levels in Europe, at 325,000, until NATO allies strengthen their conventional forces. . . . Defense Secretary **Weinberger** is assembling a Defense team to go to Israel to study lessons of Israeli campaign in Lebanon. U.S. is most interested in Israel's astonishing success against Soviet-built MiG fighters. Syria lost at least 86 aircraft, to 0 for Israel. **Ariel Sharon**, Israel's defense minister, has also invited U.S. to inspect captured Soviet equipment. . . . Israel is suffering some ill effects of its summer in Lebanon. Tourism, since the war, has declined 20 per cent from last year's levels, and inflation, says government spokesman **David Neumann**, has increased from annual equivalent of 100 per cent before Lebanon to 130 per cent now. . . . Nattering Nabobs of Negativism: A 12-page UN report on press

coverage of UN has words of praise for Communist and Third World countries, while it terms Western press coverage, which tends to focus on topics such as world body's alleged financial ineptitude, "grossly inaccurate." Report concedes UN has some flaws, but it says these can be solved by more money and more staff.

■ Kennedy is leader in early polls for 1984 Democratic presidential hopefuls. He registers in 40 per cent range, far ahead of potential rivals **Walter Mondale**, **John Glenn**, **Gary Hart**, and **Alan Cranston**. Not one of these scores higher than teens. . . . Speaking at Harvard, former Black Panther **Eldridge Cleaver** announced that he felt good about Ronald Reagan. "I know that Carter and the Democrats betrayed black people," he said, "and they deserved to be punished. We blacks had a choice—Ronald Reagan, not ideal. But Democrats had made blacks parasites on the Federal Government, always waiting for more handouts." . . . In New York, trial of unreconstructed radical **Katherine Boudin** and five others charged with Brink's armored-car hold-up that led to death of two Nyack, N.Y. policemen and a Brink's guard is costing taxpayers \$600,000 for security alone. From accounts of preliminary hearing, defendants, members of Weather Underground or Black Liberation Army, are modeling themselves on Chicago Seven in courtroom disruptiveness.

■ Military Notes: Chief of Staff **Edward C. Meyer** has given Army tailors until October 1, 1984 to produce camouflage fatigues for pregnant soldiers. . . . From Holland, where soldiers have long had permission to wear hairnets, comes word that the fighting men there have won another right: permission to wear earrings.

THE WEEK

■ Since the war in Lebanon, tourism to Israel is way down, prompting local jokers to suggest that El Al's new slogan should be: "Visit Israel—before Israel visits you."

■ Lieutenant-Governor Mario Cuomo badly wanted to be governor of New York, only his opponent, businessman and supply-sider Lew Lehrman, was drawing uncomfortably close in the polls—so Cuomo elevated the tone of the campaign and came on as a statesman, e.g., "There has been a Polish governor," he said in a street-corner speech, "there has been an Irish governor. It's embarrassing not to have had an Italian-American governor." Yeah, well, he never said he was Pericles. Cicero maybe: he continued with a fine paralipsis ("God forbid you should vote for me because I'm Italian") that drew laughter from the crowd. However, this is one of those cases where, unless you get it exactly right, you are exactly wrong. And Cuomo was not exactly right. Alfred E. Smith, who was elected to four terms as governor, was partly of Italian descent. And Charles Poletti, appointed to fill out Governor Lehman's term in 1942, was the first son of Italian immigrants to serve as lieutenant-governor and governor of any state.

■ "Consistent thoughtfulness." "Ability to grasp the big picture." "Grasp of complex issues." "Does not lend itself to an easy 'liberal' or 'conservative' label." In such ideology-eschewing terms did the nonideological *Washington Post* endorse the re-election bid of Senator Paul Sarbanes, the nonideological Maryland Democrat, who in 1981 racked up an ADA rating of 95, a COPE rating of 97, and an ACU rating of 0. Next day a simplistic headline writer at the *Post* labeled Sarbanes a "liberal." Some people have no sense of nuance.

■ On the *Post* scale, 0 to 80 is ultraconservative, 81 to 90 is moderate, 98 to 100 is liberal. The 91 to 97 range is occupied by a few mavericks who defy classification.

■ As Solzhenitsyn sees it, we *are* abandoning Taiwan. Speaking in Taipei, he warned against accepting reassurance based on Communist Chinese promises: "Many American journalists cry from the housetops that Peking is now 'bound by promises' to effect unification [with Taiwan] peacefully. They wanted to forget . . . how many times the Communists have already cheated." He also warned that America's friendship is

no longer what it was: "America has restricted its connections with you, curtailed its military support, and is denying you much of what you need." Solzhenitsyn may be overstating the case: President Reagan says the new Taiwan Communiqué will definitely not result in the betrayal of Taiwan. But then again the great Russian may be speaking as a cautionary prophet, trying to eliminate even the possibility of betrayal.

■ Unbeknownst to the citizens of their respective countries, officials from the People's Republic of China and the Soviet Union met recently in Peking to explore ways of improving relations between the two countries. The meetings ended without any agreement except a promise to meet again in Moscow in the near future. Hope for the talks plummeted after word reached the Kremlin of a remark by Peng Zhen, a member of the Chinese Politburo, to a West German official: the Soviet Union, said Zhen, is like a tiger in search of a good meal. Once the Soviets heard this, our sources report, there was little chance that they would agree to the Chinese request that they nuke Vietnam if it didn't end its occupation of Cambodia.

■ It took the personal intervention of François Mitterrand to spring him. Cuban poet Armando Valladares has just arrived in Paris after 22 years in a dungeon. His crime? He dared to criticize dictator Fidel Castro. Valladares, who has gained an international reputation with his smuggled-out writings, is ill and greatly weakened because of his ordeal. Whatever else you want to say about them, and there is plenty to say, the sheer presumptuousness of Communist regimes is breath-taking. That the dictator believes he is entitled to behave in this way is bad enough, but that he should have apologists and sympathizers in civilized society is astounding.

■ We have become rather insouciant about that Aya-tollah, who has now executed, by rough count, his fifteen-thousand-and-first political prisoner, that first being his fellow conspirator in exile and then foreign minister and American TV personality during the hostage mess, the insufferable and oleaginous Sadegh

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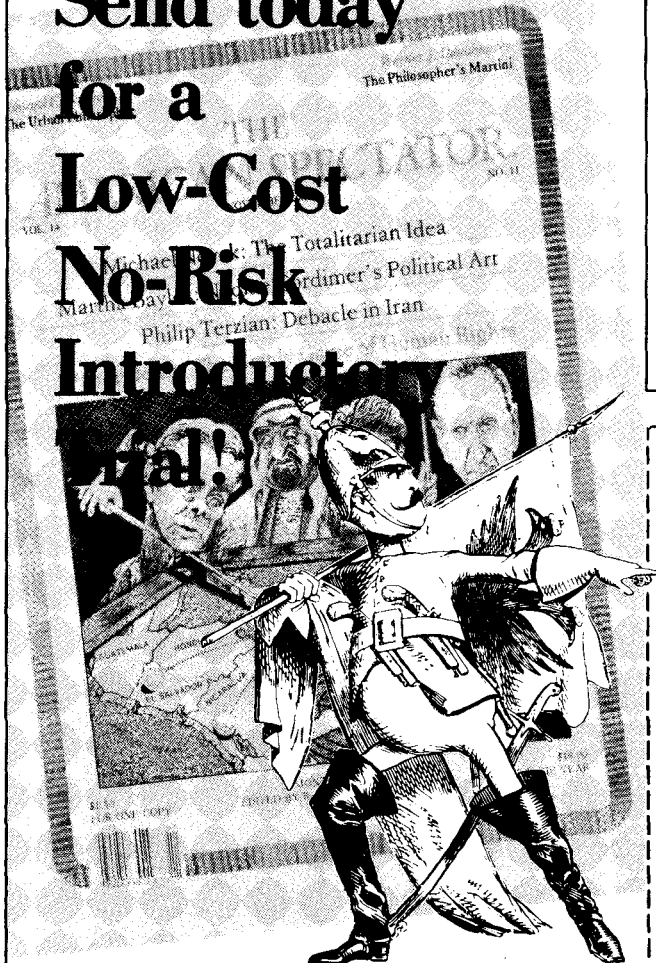
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*On December 31, 1980, the **Washington Post** listed **The American Spectator** as Washington's "In" magazine, replacing the **New Republic**.

What they say:

"... a (monthly) 40-page compendium of essays, satires, diatribes as well as acid-etched reviews of books, movies, and saloons (recent recommendation: Delisa's Bungalow Beer Garden in South St. Louis). **The Spectator's** list of contributors reads like a **Who's Who** of the American Right and Center. Among them are Buckley, **Public Interest** co-editor Irving Kristol, Harvard Government Professor James Q. Wilson, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and social theorist Sidney Hook."

—Time Magazine

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The new game in town is called Turnover. Reagan's turnover. Who will stay and who will go at mid-term. The conjecture has taken on special zest since the President hinted in an interview with Marvin Stone in the October 25 *U.S. News & World Report* that the turnover will be more extensive than observers had hitherto thought.

At the Republican National Committee, the odds-on (about 4 to 1) favorite to succeed Richard Richards as chairman is Paul Laxalt, who would serve in that office while retaining his seat in the Senate, as Bob Dole did, creating a small obstacle that White House savants have already figured out how to clear. After Dole left the RNC chairmanship, the committee passed binding rules requiring future chairmen to be full-time, salaried employees of the RNC. To alter these rules requires plenary convention action. This being the case, Laxalt would be named not chairman, but general chairman. Under him would be a full-time, salaried executive chairman, thus meeting the RNC requirement. It would be Laxalt, though, who would call the important shots.

The list of names being mentioned to fill this executive role starts with Rich Williamson, President Reagan's able special assistant for intergovernmental affairs and Laxalt's former key aide, who sees this improvisation as unbeguilting. Others being rumored for the post are Ed Rollins, currently the President's in-house political advisor, who wants the job; Rich Bond, the RNC deputy chairman; and Rick Shelby, the RNC's 1982 campaign director. Look for a concerted effort by the President and Laxalt to make Williamson take the job, and a dutiful capitulation by Williamson.

Laxalt would bring major assets to the RNC: he transcends intra-party bickering, is close to the President, enjoys prestige in the Senate, is respected by the press and conservatives (even the hard Right), and is the party's best bridge to its moderates. Also, there is no way that White House political strategists could end-run Laxalt, as they did Richards. If Laxalt does take the job, you can be sure that Mr. Reagan has pretty much decided to run in 1984. Otherwise why tax Laxalt's schedule and strain the RNC mechanism?

But Laxalt is not the only person being mentioned for the RNC post. One continues to hear Drew Lewis's name bruited, despite his flat-out expression of distaste for the job. Bear in mind that Mr. Lewis is a presidential candidate in the offing. He ran for governor of Pennsylvania, and as Secretary of Transportation has won plaudits on all sides. Furthermore, if George Bush had his druthers, one hears, he would put this strong contender on a Bush/Lewis ticket. Lewis wants to position himself, therefore, as someone who can be taken seriously in a governmental, rather than a political, sense, and this is why he is drawn to Jim Baker's job as chief of staff, should Baker move out. That turnover is not too likely to happen, however—National Security Advisor William Clark would almost certainly move into the Baker slot, if and when it opens up. So put your money on Lewis becoming director of the Office of Management and Budget, succeeding David Stockman, who will exit before mid-February.

Malcolm Baldrige is expected to leave as Secretary of Commerce, to be succeeded—maybe—by Nicholas Brady, New Jersey's appointed senator filling out Harrison Williams's term. At

HUD, Sam Pierce will stay unless the scholarly and outspoken Walter Williams takes over from Terrel Bell as Secretary of Education (which both the Heritage Foundation and the Conservative Caucus are pushing), inasmuch as the President wishes to avoid an all-white Cabinet. Ray Donovan at Labor will finally bow to the inevitable, and U.S. Trade Representative Bill Brock will dance eagerly in from the wings.

On the Holdover Register, the current wisdom has George Shultz remaining at State, of course; Cap Weinberger at the Pentagon, just beginning to gain control over his complex role; Bill Casey at the CIA, showing no signs of fatigue or satiety and earning grudging tribute even from antagonists; and Attorney General William French Smith, who once talked of packing it in, having gotten a second wind, thanks in large part to the President's recent powerful anti-crime, anti-drug commitment.

On the White House troika level, Mike Deaver will probably exit before mid-1983, but not much before then. Ed Meese would like to narrow his professional bore, so to speak, and move into the Attorney General's job, were that to open up when, say, a High Court vacancy comes along. Jim Baker, who made a bid for Secretary of State when Al Haig was ousted, would like to beef up his foreign-policy credentials to the point where they could be parlayed into the State job, should Shultz decide to leave before six years are up. (Don Rumsfeld, remember, didn't seize the Secretary of Defense title until the very end of the Ford Administration.) Why does Baker want to polish his foreign-policy credentials? That's right, you guessed it. But does Baker really want to be President? Sure. Doesn't every Texas lawyer? —CATO

Ghotbzadeh, who may have been a Soviet agent, according to our sources, and in whose unsuccessful plot against Khomeini seventy have already been firing-squaded. The Ayatollah now makes the Shah look like St. Francis of Assisi. Besides which the Holy Man is also conducting a massive slaughter of troops and non-troops on both sides in his calamitous campaign against neighboring Iraq. *Question:* Who cares? *Answer:* Nobody. *Question:* Why? *Answer:* It was the Shah who was a U.S. ally, and had to be hated. Khomeini is not a U.S. ally, so he gets a free ride in the media and among the "human rights" crowd.

■ After her famous "Communism is Fascism" speech,

Susan Sontag heard from the Left. "I have gotten so many grotesque attacks as a result of this Poland speech," she told an interviewer from the *New York Times Book Review*. "They're violent, sneering, vituperative in a way which is very different from expressing strong disagreement. I'd never been the object of it before . . . It's not as if they're seriously disagreeing with views, they just say in effect, 'Let's get her.'" Miss Sontag had to leave the Left in order to meet it.

■ Still restless after his tussle with Moral Majority, Yale's president, A. Bartlett Giamatti, has taken aim at a target closer to home, *The Yale Literary Maga-*

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R.E. McMaster, Jr. is considered to be America's leading market economist, as well as one of the country's foremost conservative, constitutionally-oriented intellectuals.

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His work has been referenced or appeared in The Wall Street Journal, Commodities, Defense and Foreign Affairs Digest, Intelligence Digest, Christian Life Magazine, Changing Times and many others.

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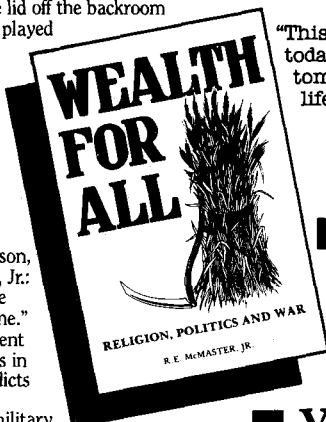
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zine. Four years ago, a group of young conservatives bought the moribund publication for one dollar and transformed it into a quarterly of fancy graphics, tony ads, and right-of-center views (among recent contributors: Thomas Molnar, George Gilder). Yale officials were mortified. They made the *Lit* promise to abide by "the regulations, principles, practices, and policies" of Yale University. Then they changed the regulations. (The Yale who forked over the original dollar while he was a student, and who continues to mind the store, has graduated; the new regs require any publication with "Yale" in its title to be run by "Yale college students.") The *Yale Lit* is suing.

■ "Too realistic for the avant-garde during his lifetime, and too abstract for the realists, [Milton] Avery is now being honored as an American master." So, convincingly, argues Hilton Kramer in a major essay in the *New York Times Magazine* on this modern painter, who died in 1965. Avery's work enjoyed a deserved retrospective exhibition at the Whitney Museum in New York this season, and, obviously, his stock is going up. The rediscovery of Avery, however, takes place in the context of a general downgrading of high modernism in painting, architecture, and literature, a displacement in which Mr. Kramer's recent work, no

doubt his new magazine *The New Criterion*, and numerous recent books and articles by other writers play a forceful role. Granted, the prestige of high modernism caused achievement of other kinds, like Avery's and Edward Hopper's, to be neglected. Granted, modernism in all the arts produced its excesses and failures. But its achievements were also extraordinary, and will last, and will be ever extended. It would be too bad if necessary corrective measures presaged a neo-Victorian spirit in the arts and in criticism.

■ Canadian regulators have ruled that fat people should get double-size seats in airplanes at no extra cost. The obvious question is how fat do you have to be to get a comfortable seat, and we predict a new bureau will be along to resolve the question with buttocks calipers. The next question is how long until our regulators find out about it.

■ We had it all: Reaganomics, decaying cities, massive insensitivity to the needs of the poor, a long hot summer, and yet . . . not *one single riot*. No wonder Bill Moyers looks dispirited. How about a presidential commission to inquire into the causes of the non-riots?

■ The *Village Voice*'s Alexander Cockburn has let fly against "witch-hunters." He is the son of Claud Cockburn, the late English Communist. Hell of a thing, calling your own dad a witch.

■ Alex, you son of a witch.



"I don't understand it, Hagawara. We can robotize our industries, achieve a record trade surplus with the U.S., create perfect labor-management relations, and yet we can't put a man on the moon."

Cheerless, Dark, and Deadly

The liberal Left has done its successful best to make the 1982 election a referendum on Reaganomics, with particular stress on the Highest Unemployment Figures since the Great Depression. The issue is bogus. As Tom Bethell points out in his column (page 1398), the notorious tax and spending cuts have been practically nil.

The President has helped paint himself into this corner by seeking to persuade the public of precisely what his enemies want them to think—viz., that Reaganomics has begun to take effect. Rather embarrassing for those of us who would like to see the program tried someday.

Lost in the shuffle have been the social issues, abortion and crime, which were on many voters' minds even when they weren't on the candidates' lips. Republicans may turn out to have been badly hurt by their reluctance to take the initiative on questions that determine what kind of society ours is going to be. Liberals have therefore managed a double mo-

nopoly, making the economy itself the social issue by charging Reagan with running the country (however ineptly) for the sake of the greedy.

As we go to press, the picture is gloomy. The Democrats, with media assistance and Republican acquiescence, have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of deciding what the vote will decide. And because the big spenders haven't really been stymied, we may, ironically, be saddled with a heavy congressional majority of them.

The Freeze

I. Strategy by Other Means

Everyone approves of peace and life, and for millions of Americans, a nuclear freeze appears to be a plausible way of securing them. To this extent, the claim of the freeze movement—that it is spontaneous and homegrown—is true.

But the timing and targeting of the movement are another matter.

In a forthcoming book, John Barron, a senior editor of *Reader's Digest*, outlines the guiding and inspiring role of the Soviet Union.

The Soviets' interest in a nuclear freeze grew out of strategic realities. At the time of Ronald Reagan's election, the Soviets had 42,500 tanks in Eastern Europe, and 315 multiple-warhead SS-20s aimed at Western European cities. The neutron anti-tank warhead (a/k/a, "neutron bomb") had been canceled by Carter. None of the Pershing II missiles—requested by Western Europe to counter the SS-20s—had been installed. The MX and the B-1 were both in abeyance.

On February 23, 1981, Brezhnev called for a freeze on the development of all new weapons systems. The Soviet PR machine swung into action.

KGB agents fanned demonstrations in Western Europe. Occasionally they were careless. In April 1981, the Dutch expelled a KGB officer, masquerading as a TASS correspondent, who had boasted in his cups: "If Moscow decides that fifty thousand demonstrators must take to the streets, then they take to the streets." In October, the Danes arrested one Arne Petersen, sponsor of the Oslo-to-Paris peace march, as a Soviet agent (Petersen had met with the KGB's man in Copenhagen 23 times). Norway and Portugal expelled other KGB "peace" organizers.

Soviet agents attended all the important early strategy sessions in this country. Yuri Kapralov, nominally the counsel to the Soviet Embassy in Washington, in fact a KGB officer, sat on the discussion panel of the first meeting of the American Nuclear Freeze Campaign at Georgetown in March 1981. That month, the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War held a meeting in Virginia. The main Soviet representative was Georgi Arbatov, ostensibly a sort

of sociologist (he heads something called the Institute for the U.S.A. and Canada), whose speech was greeted with "thunderous applause."

In May, freeze supporters in the House invited Romesh Chandra, president of the World Peace Council, to meet with them. Chandra is an Indian Communist, and the WPC is a Soviet front. The U.S. Peace Council, the WPC's local affiliate, sent representatives to a disarmament strategy session in Nyack, N.Y. in October, and held a meeting of its own in New York City in November, also attended by congressmen.

Yuri Kapralov was on hand to help kick off the Riverside Church Disarmament Program. The Reverend William Sloane Coffin, senior minister at Riverside, had picked Cora Weiss, once a cheerleader for Hanoi, as the program's director. Other KGB agents, stationed at the UN as diplomats, have participated in the Riverside program. And so on and on.

II. Continuing Notes on the Movement

As we go to press, freeze proposals are on the ballot in Massachusetts, California, New Jersey, Rhode Island, North Dakota, and the District of Columbia. Though the wording varies, they all call for a mutual and verifiable halt to the production, deployment, and testing of nuclear weapons.

These proposals have their appeal precisely because they represent "*une fausse idée claire*"—an idea that is simple, but wrong.

Because there is *no* freeze movement within the Soviet Union, the proposal automatically puts asymmetrical political pressure on the United States, as it was designed to do (see above). The freeze idea also depends upon the notion, popular enough, that the Soviet Union and the United States already possess enough—or more than enough—nuclear weapons. In a sense this is true, but the fact is that successful deterrence depends not only upon quantity of warheads but upon mix and deployment—a much more complex matter. Successful deterrence also depends upon non-nuclear matters, such as the survivability of our eye-in-the-sky satellites and the state-of-the-art in submarine detection. A freeze at this point would give the

Now Let's Get On with It

The Social Security system
Is barreling over a cliff.
The kids on a payroll are wincing,
While grandma continues to sniff.
In Rome, bread and circuses flourished,
But nobody noticed the weeds.
Claude Pepper could do us a favor
By spending a week with the Swedes.

W. H. VON DREELE

Warsaw Pact tank armies—which are in an offensive posture—an obvious advantage over NATO forces, which are badly outnumbered in armor and tactical aircraft, and which do not yet have the neutron shells and cruise missiles that are the defensive answer to the Pact's tanks.

The clause calling for verifiability is a sham, because it is unachievable. The *testing* of nuclear weapons could usually, but not always, be monitored. Their *production* could not.

A freeze would prevent the U.S. from ensuring the survivability of its land-based deterrent, a factor that would encourage destabilization. It might, arguably, prevent the production of dual-purpose conventional/nuclear aircraft, and prevent the development and deployment of satellite-based defensive anti-ICBM weapons.

Nevertheless, this false, clear idea gathers momentum, not so much for this election but for 1984. It is highly organized on the college and university campuses, and in the churches. *NR* will be closely monitoring these developments.

III. The Bishops' Contribution

One week before the elections, a committee of Roman Catholic bishops made public the text of a proposed pastoral letter asserting that nuclear weapons could destroy God's work, calling any first use of nuclear weapons—of any size, presumably, including the neutron shell, which is very localized in its effects—irrational and immoral, and coming close to, but not quite, condemning the strategy of nuclear deterrence.

In whichever of two time frames it is set, the committee's proposed letter is extraordinary. Most immediately, one week before the elections, with the freeze to a considerable degree a partisan issue, it invites one to characterize the bishops as an adjunct of the Democratic National Committee. But in the larger time frame, as outlined above, it aligns the bishops with an anti-nuclear movement that can have a political effect only within the West.

The lengthy document contains numerous points of substance, in differing degrees arguable. Although the bishops' assertions are not binding even on the faithful, they are bound to call into serious question the bishops' teaching authority in matters moral and political. To take one example: on "no first use of nuclear arms," it is not at all evident that it would be immoral to meet a massive tank attack on Western Europe with neutron artillery shells.

But the bishops' teaching authority is being eroded as much by what they have not been saying as by what they now propose to say. These same bishops, as a collective body and unlike Pope John Paul II, have been remarkably silent about Communist persecution of the Church around the world, and they have had little to say about human freedoms in those persecuted

countries. For their moral leadership, the hour is late and the sky darkens.

Uzziah's Revenge

Social Security is the great taboo subject of American politics—undebatable; unmentionable, even. Politicians who attempt to do so suffer a fate like King Uzziah's when he tried to burn incense in the sanctuary of the temple: "And while he was wroth with the priests, the leprosy even rose up in his forehead before the priests in the house of the Lord . . . and they thrust him out from thence; yea, himself hasted also to go out, because the Lord had smitten him."

James Jackson Kilpatrick, reckless of his forehead, laid out the facts in a recent column. The original Social Security program of 1935 was a retirement supplement, offering about 30 per cent of the last year of salary. Since then, a generous Congress has pushed that figure up to over 50 per cent. Meanwhile the pool of contributors shrinks. Thirty years ago, there were 16 workers paying into the system for every retiree. Now there are three. Soon there will be only two. As a result, Social Security taxes have gone through the roof. The maximum tax in 1970 was \$374. In 1982, it is \$2,710. By 1990, it will be \$4,600, and still rising.

These trends spell bankruptcy. The Social Security trust funds pay out \$17,000 a minute more than they take in. Without congressional relief, says John Svahn, commissioner of Social Security, "we would be unable to pay benefits in a timely manner in July of 1983."

The Reagan Administration floated a Social Security reform proposal early on, which was instantly sunk by an indignant Senate. (Senator Moynihan—who should, and perhaps does, know better—was unusually demagogic on this one.) Now, after the election, they will all have to try again.

What Congress will be able to do even then remains problematical. Senator Moynihan may once again decide to demagogue the issue, and pose as the champion of the elderly and the exponent of "compassion." Perhaps politicians will not make sense on this question until absolute bankruptcy stares the system in the face, and concentrates the mind.

Sexy Sidewalks

Georgetown partygoers chatter breathlessly about asphalt and sewer construction. . . . Kennedy-clone candidates pose for campaign photos on crumbling highways instead of on windswept beaches. . . . Former environmentalists peer with displeasure at tufts of grass poking through the concrete. . . . Earnest network reporters perch by twos and threes on aging bridges like so many suicides or gulls. . . .

It is the year of Infrastructure, and no election campaign was complete without its billion-dollar program to patch potholes, repair leaky sewer mains, and refurbish railbeds. Like bidders in an auction held with Monopoly money, advocates bandy about meaningless, ever-higher figures: \$47.6 billion for bridge repair, \$110 billion for water systems, \$700 billion for road repairs. No one talks much about how these figures were derived, or what would befall us if we missed the targets by a billion or two, but they are presented with a straight face as "needs" that we ignore at our peril.

Certainly, some roads and bridges are in sad shape. A few states and cities have always skimmed on maintenance; others, more recently, have starved upkeep to feed vote-buying programs. At just such moments as this, however, we should be most wary of grandiose fix-it schemes that we will come to regret later. (The public-works lobby is no less voracious, after all, for having been out of the limelight so long.) Here are four guiding principles:

1. Massive, sporadic blitzes of government attention are the least efficient way of handling functions like maintenance. Any sensible plan must be incremental. It should also provide for thorough cost-benefit analysis—for example, just how much is the public inconvenienced by leaving a bridge unpainted an extra year?

2. Those states that have neglected maintenance to pay for social programs are the ones most eager for a federal bailout. We should disappoint them by keeping Washington out of it as much as possible.

3. As the issue gets more concrete (so to speak), it also gets more controversial. Everyone agreed on the need to replace New York's defunct West Side Highway, until the controversial Westway came along as the alternative.

4. The best way to secure stable financing would be to fund infrastructure fully through user fees, thus safeguarding it from political fads both positive and negative. The Administration did not get very far with this tack last year; it should try again.

In from the Cold

A high-level Soviet diplomat, thought to be a senior KGB operative, has left his post in Iran and defected to the West. Vladimir Andreyevich Kuzichkin is being debriefed in London right now, and Western intelligence seems certain to gain a great deal of valuable information about the Soviet effort to bring Iran within its sphere of influence, a development that would carry Soviet power to the shores of the Persian Gulf—the petroleum jugular of the West and of Japan—and within easy striking distance of Saudi Arabia.

When the Carter Administration allowed the Shah to fall and a hostile government to seize power in Iran,

A Big 'If'

If rates fall like a lead balloon
Beyond December into June
And Mexico
Stays rightside up, we'll see the day
When Tip and Teddy slip away
Incognito.

W. H. VON DREELE

it appears to have done so in a mood of careless inattention to the strategic importance of that country, which for forty centuries or more has been a fulcrum of power at the juncture of three continents.

As Ernest Cuneo points out in a recent article, "The mighty peaks surrounding the high plateau made Iran the womb of the great Persian empire. From their protected eyrie, Cyrus the Great, Darius the Great, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes swooped down the Persian Gulf, then on up the Tigris-Euphrates valley to the Mediterranean, then on down through Palestine to conquer Egypt, thence northwest to advance on Greece. . . .

"Alexander the Great opened the road of the conquerors east across the high plateaus of Persia where invaders from the north and west could plunge down through the narrow funnel of the fateful Khyber Pass into India. And down they came—the Mongols, Tamerlane, Huns, and, eventually, the British, down from the west on India. . . .

"To protect India, the Star of the Empire, the British posted their crack line regiments along the Persian peaks. These Northern Tier mountains not only guarded the western approaches to the Khyber Pass, but acted as the land fortress protecting the British lifeline, which ran by sea. . . . Now, once again, as in the past four thousand years, Iran is the arena where world powers battle to the death." Indeed, the stakes have become immeasurably higher because of the strategic importance of oil to the industrialized world.

President Truman grasped all of this, or at least his advisors did. When, six months after the end of World War II, Stalin refused to pull Soviet troops out of northern Iran, Truman indicated that if they did not get out they would be blown out, and he ordered the battleship *USS Missouri* to Constantinople. President Eisenhower understood the stakes with crystal clarity. In 1953, the U.S. helped block an evidently hostile regime and installed the Shah. But Carter let the whole situation slide through his fingers like the sands of the desert, not even preparing a back-up pro-Western government in the event that the Shah's position could not be maintained.

Thus, the U.S. suffered a catastrophic setback in the struggle for power, like the nineteenth century British seeking to protect vital lifelines menaced by the Russians. It is the "Great Game," as it was once called,

and now, as then, it is being carried on by both the intelligence services and the armed forces, in the form of the Rapid Deployment Force, which President Reagan is greatly strengthening.

With the defection of Mr. Kuzichkin, we won one for a change.

No Thru Traffic

Spain turned to the left and the right last week, a political shift unfamiliar to Americans though common enough in Europe. Felipe González's Socialist Workers' Party and Manuel Fraga's Popular Alliance look to dominate the political landscape for the foreseeable future, while the Union of the Democratic Center (UCD), which had won Spain's first two post-Franco elections, virtually disappeared. Adolfo Suárez, the UCD's onlie begetter, had himself abandoned the party to move marginally left.

Spanish politics has not been kind to moderates. "Every Spaniard's ideal," wrote Angel Ganivet, "is to carry a statutory letter with a single provision, brief but imperious: 'This Spaniard is entitled to do whatever he feels like doing.'" Spain's history from Napoleon to Franco has been an almost unbroken series of wars and upheavals. The brief democratic interludes have all ended in intense political polarization, leading to new tumult.

This time may be different. González, who was calling his party "revolutionary" in the mid-Seventies, decided three years ago to drop the Marxist label. Fraga, a former interior minister, was instrumental in initiating the current democratic system. How long it lasts will depend on the imperious Spanish.

Nobel Prizes

I. Gabriel García Márquez

The only element of surprise in the Nobel Committee's selection of Gabriel García Márquez for its literature prize is that it came so soon. The Colombian novelist is just in his fifties, and since it seems unlikely that the committee will name another laureate from Latin America for several years, one might have thought the prize would go to the aged Jorge Luis Borges of Argentina. Borges, though, is one of the last masters of a delicate and difficult "modernism." García Márquez represents something quite different.

García Márquez is a rarity among present-day authors—one who satisfies both the advocates of modernist, experimental fiction, and the devotees of Tolstoy and old-fashioned storytelling. His novels, with their surrealist imagery and Faulknerian time-displacements, challenge the most demanding critics. Yet he is the best-selling writer in the Spanish language. García

Márquez is a myth-maker, providing unforgettable images of the family and the state as these institutions struggle through the twentieth century.

His novel *Autumn of the Patriarch* chronicles the rise of a dictator, describing the psychological strain and isolation of political power. *One Hundred Years of Solitude* can hardly be discussed except in hyperboles, for its effects as well as its manner are species of hyperbole. In this Latin American tall tale, García Márquez tells of a revolutionary who has lost a dozen wars; a matriarch who lives 150 years, shrinking to doll size; a woman so beautiful she ascends into heaven with the laundry on a windy day; and a patriarch so beloved that when he dies there is a rain of flowers. In García Márquez's world, these events are both marvelous and believable.

His concern for the oppressed of Latin America is informed by years of practicing journalism. García Márquez prefers to call himself a journalist, disparaging lines drawn between the real world and the world of fiction. With his \$157,000 prize, he will found a newspaper in Bogotá.

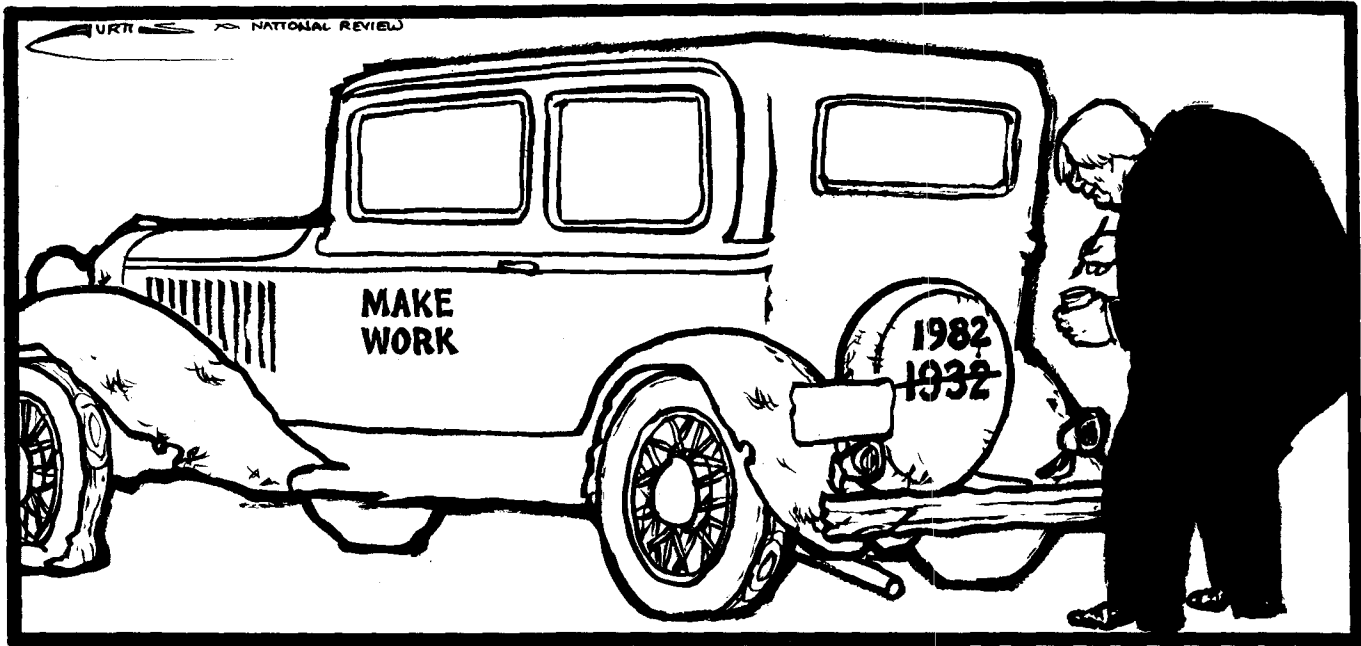
II. George Stigler

When George Stigler was asked last week how he felt on winning the Nobel Prize for Economics, he replied, among other things, "richer." It was a wry example of his characteristic mode of economic analysis: precise, unsentimental, and above all verifiable (the Nobel does, indeed, come with \$157,000).

"Unsentimental" sounds like modest praise, but in the field for which he is perhaps best known, government regulation, his clearheadedness has been epoch-making. Before Stigler, regulators were commonly judged by their original intentions, by their proclaimed successes, by almost everything but the verifiable results of their actions. Applying a formidable scholarly apparatus—built up, in part, out of his own pioneering work in such fields as industrial organization and price theory—he has demonstrated one instance after another of "government failure" (an analogue of "market failure").

Long before deregulation came along, Stigler proved that some massive programs regulating the stock market and utility rates had no identifiable effects at all. His theory that agencies are liable to be "captured" by the interests they regulate was daring at the time; it has since proved so convincing that it is now an analytical commonplace across the political spectrum. Along the way, Stigler has found time to make seminal contributions in fields such as the history of economic thought, and to perfect a writing style that is a model of wit and concision.

Although he has inspired wave upon wave of regulatory reformers, Stigler says his own goal is to understand the world rather than to change it. Writing in these pages five years ago, he took issue with Keynes's



view "that intellectuals are much more important than vested interests in influencing the course of events, and in particular economic events." In reality, he said, "the dominant classes (welfare and blue-collar, as well as capitalist) are not readily confused as to their interests, as Keynes claimed, by 'some academic scribbler of a few years back.'"

Still, he admits that economists do have some influence: "Established economic principles are accepted by the society, whether they are liked or not, just as birds and stones accept gravity," he wrote in *Regulation* earlier this year. If there remains any doubt in Stigler's mind as to whether economists can change the world, his own career should serve as proof enough.

Pierre Mendès-France, R I P

Pierre Mendès-France seemed, in 1954, a strange candidate for premier. He was Jewish, the son of a tailor, a *petit bourgeois* by class and education. He was grotesquely ugly, a small, bulky figure of a man with the heavy eyebrows, domineering nose, and black jowls of a *Polichinelle*. Quick, sometimes even brutal in parliamentary debate, he was no great orator in a land whose orators have outnumbered its statesmen. His political following was small.

And yet in his seven months in office Mendès-France brought about substantive changes in the French Union and made himself the single most important counter on the chessboard of European politics. To understand how Mendès could have been so powerful in 1954, it is necessary to understand the prevailing climate in France after the disaster of Dien-bienphu. France was humbled and outraged and sick of war. Mendès-France, cocky, aggressive, bringing

a sense of urgent mission, was the fix France needed.

His radical economic program, "*le New Deal mendèsiste*," as it was dubbed, failed. And so did his campaign to wean Frenchmen from the fruit of the vine to the milk of the cow. Seven months later Mendès was out, his government—as they did so often in the Fourth Republic—having fallen on a relatively trivial question, wringing from François Mauriac the agonized cry: "They have murdered that infant, hope."

And that was the last the world heard of Pierre Mendès-France. When he died in Paris on October 18, aged 75, it was of those seven months 28 years ago that the obituarists wrote. It could be said of Mendès-France that in defeat and obscurity he was as dignified as he had often been pugnacious in his brief moment of power.

—PLB

Notes



Asides

■ Dear Priscilla:

I'm dying for word on what you thought of my article, "Going Courting in Washington." But then, I can imagine the scenario. You'll send it up to Bill in the dumbwaiter. He'll carry it around for several weeks unaware that he has it in one of his stuffed briefcases. Months will pass, after which time, you'll ask in a note what he thought of it. "Of what?" he'll ask. You'll explain and he'll swear that he never saw it. He'll be right. It will have been left in a hotel room in China. An officious Chinese will have forwarded it to New York, by which time Bill will be somewhere in the mid-

dle of the Atlantic. A kindly Coast Guard cutter will pull alongside to deliver the missing briefcase, but just as the captain is reaching across the bow the catches on the case will pop open and my manuscript will float lazily out to sea.

If you need me, I'll be in my room with a hot-water bottle on my head.

Lots of love,
Mona [Charen]
George Washington Law School
Washington, D.C.

Priscilla: I'll publish this libelous letter. Mona's article is, as you know, scheduled. Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Perhaps you would be interested in the reply to my letter objecting to the way words were hyphenated in your column in the *Sarasota Herald-Tribune*.

Cordially,
Olive M. Hayward
Venice, Fla.

Dear Mrs. Hayward:

I thank you for your letter of January 24 dealing with the hyphenation of Mr. Buckley's column.

Unfortunately, we are now in the age of electronically controlled typesetting, and the hyphenation function is performed by a computer which is supposed to be smart enough to know where to put hyphens.

As you have noticed, this does not always work. You will be pleased to know that we are getting ready to fire this computer and buy a smarter one.

Sincerely yours,
Waldo Proffitt Jr.
Editorial Director
Lindsay Newspapers Inc.
Sarasota, Fla.

■ Memo to: WFB

From: Timothy J. Wheeler

Re: N&A, Sept. 3

1. Professor Zulauf's fears of being a pedant are justified. No doubt he is correct that "tsarevich" implies the heir apparent, though my dictionary does not mention it. The trouble is, "heir apparent" means both heir designate, or Big Tsarevich, and heir presumptive, or all those other little tsareviches, sons of the tsar. So we go in circles. If the tsar has three tsareviches, what do we call the two tsareviches who aren't the first tsarevich? Tsareviches, that's what. Maybe I just should have called Andropov a son of a bitch; believe me, the Russian equivalent is not "bitchevich."

Meanwhile, of course "Tsarytsyn" is old; even the transliteration is old (modern: tsaritsyn). The city of Tsarytsyn, which the professor calls Stalingrad and

the Russians, uh, Soviets call Volgograd, was founded around 1589. Old. Old is the joke, see. The Soviets have reverted to *old* tsarist ways, see, except they don't bring in the Germans to run the system any more.

Professor Zulauf says he "appreciates the jest." I doubt it. Quiche-eaters appreciate jests. This was a joke, dammit.

2. Mr. Rose says he was "astounded and chagrined" at the "solecism" of using cohort in the singular. Aw, c'mon. We are not talking about the Roman legions. Cohort, singular, meaning companion or accomplice, was standard before Follett, as Mr. Rose can verify in *Webster's Third*, page 441.

Quiche-eaters are chagrined by solecisms. Mr. Rose can have a double helping for solecistically identifying this as a solecism.

■ Memo to: WFB

From: Frances

People magazine published your letter in their current [September 27] issue. The bracketed material in your original was left out.

Dear Sirs:

In [his column,] "Chatter" [, for September 6, your writer Josh Hammer] reports that St. John (New Brunswick) businessman Aubrey Pope caught me, my son, and Professor Thomas Wendel, while cruising down the St. John River, *in flagrante*. "... three of Buckley's crew members had indeed sought to unload their trash—by dumping it all on Pope's private dock. Pope happened to intercept them and ordered them off. 'I'm not very big, but I can get ugly,' he said, adding that he 'would have been glad to help'—if it hadn't been for their 'arrogant attitude.' Buckley's response was to dump his trash without permission at a scenic spot farther downriver . . ."

Well, now. 1) Pope didn't "intercept" us. He arrived at his dock as we arrived at it. 2) We didn't unload the garbage from our dinghy, we asked whether we might do so, to which his answer was a curt, No. 3) We didn't proceed to dump the trash anywhere, retaining it on board the dinghy until reaching the Yacht Club the next day. 4) If we had been unconcerned about pollution, we would quite simply have dumped it into the river in the first place.

I, my son, and Tom Wendel happen, coincidentally, to be the three politest men alive, and the most responsible. It would not occur to us to dump garbage on private property without permission [, or to publish a story to the effect that Mr. Hammer had done so, without first calling him up and asking him whether so bizarre an allegation by a small, ugly—and scurrilous—old man was correct].

Yours truly,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
—WFB

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FROM Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

The Russians Are Coming Here



WE'VE BEEN reading a good deal about how the Soviets have been taunting the Swedes with their dangerous game of underwater hide-and-seek. Well, as compared with the ongoing impudence the Soviets have been displaying toward the United States, what they are doing to Sweden is a minor nuisance. Hold on to your seats: The Soviets have put a submarine so close to the U.S. mainland that small pleasure craft sail directly above it, and youngsters water-ski over it.

Shhh!

One of the better kept secrets of the Defense Department is that since August a Soviet submarine of the Victor class has been trolling the waters of the Juan de Fuca Strait, a ten-to-15-mile-wide strip of water separating the state of Washington from British Columbia's Vancouver Island. The strait flows from the Pacific into Puget Sound where its waters fan out into the labyrinthine bays and inlets of the northwestern quadrant of Washington, including Hood Canal, where the Bangor naval base is located, the home berth of our prized nuclear-powered Trident submarine, the *Ohio*.

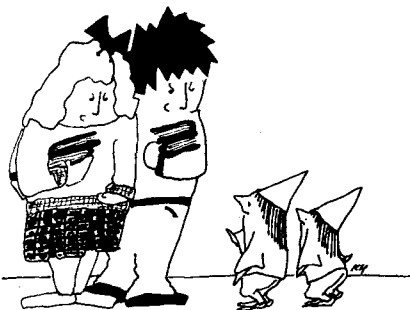
The Soviet Victor, I am reliably advised, has approximately one hundred crewmen and technicians on board, and is loaded to the gills with ultra-sophisticated, computerized electronic apparatus to monitor and gather data on every twist and turn, eddy and flow of the strait, and probably Puget Sound, and (who knows?) maybe even Hood Canal itself. The Victor can chart underwater conditions far more exactly than the Soviet trawler-like snoop vessels that prowl around further out in the Pacific.

In the Juan de Fuca Strait, the Victor generally lies just outside the three-mile territorial waters of the U.S. (as far as naval intelligence is able to determine) and so is technically complying with our law. There the sub is free to collect vast

volumes of information relating to the strait itself and to the neighboring arteries—the exit and entry waterways of the *Ohio*. Since Canada claims a 12-mile buffer area, the three-mile-plus distance from the U.S. shore that the Victor normally maintains means the sub must be encroaching regularly on Canadian waters, the strait being seldom more than 15 miles wide.

Why don't we chase the Victor out to sea? Because the Reagan Administration recognizes as territorial seas—that zone over which full sovereignty is claimed as if it were land—a three-mile-wide strip. The Russians, on the other hand, claim a 12-mile strip and require both pre-notification and pre-authorization for transit through it, a requirement that we dutifully observe with respect to their waters but do not require for our own three-mile cordon. The State Department stresses that U.S. subs are not snooping on the Russians, which might have justified their surveillance of us. You can imagine what the Russians would do to a U.S. sub were it discovered at an analogous Soviet location—say, inside the White Sea, which is close by the submarine haven of Murmansk.

Why doesn't the United States simply adopt the 12-mile limit that most countries claim and observe, and chase the sub out legally? Because, for the present, we don't want to lend any credibility or authority to the Law of the



"School is full of sex, violence, drugs, theft, vandalism—that's no place for prayer!"

Sea Treaty, which standardizes the 12-mile zone and forbids submerged or overflight transit without the OK of the coastal state. No problem with this except where you have strategic international straits and choke points, like the Strait of Malacca, which is fewer than 24 miles in width and so can be seen as arguably subject to the pre-notification and pre-authorization requirement, which, for strategic reasons, we don't want to be constrained by. Got it?

Our escape strategy, as explained by the able State Department Assistant Secretary James Malone (Special Representative to the Law of the Sea Conference), is this: During the Law of the Sea (LOS) discussions we insisted (and we continue to insist) that the right of passage through international straits and archipelagic waters exists independently of the treaty, that the right flows from international practice and generally accepted international law, that the right includes the guarantee that such passage be expeditious (no OK from the coastal state required). Were we to sign the LOS treaty (we rightly chose not to), our understanding of this right would remain unchanged.

Give It the Boot

All that being said, it now seems abundantly clear that in the near future the United States will adopt the 12-mile territorial seas demarcation, modified by the expeditious-transit understanding. That being the case, why not do it sooner rather than later and run the slithering Russian snoopers out to sea? In theory, we can draw as close to the Soviets' real estate as they to ours (three miles) but we are too gentlemanly to do so; we sedulously observe their 12-mile buffers. So why not claim the same treatment, and enforce it with a vengeance? Let's put aside the nice legal punctilios, get the big picture back into focus, and give *Das Boot* the boot.

Recently Mr. Reagan visited the top floor of the World Trade Center in Baltimore and peered through a pair of high-powered binoculars that were pointed out over the harbor and beyond to the Atlantic. When the press asked the President what he saw he said, "The Russians are coming." Mr. Reagan was on the wrong coast. He should have been in Seattle peering toward the Pacific. Then he could rightly have said, "The Russians are here." □

IS THE "protracted conflict" a conflict between systems or between ways of life? It is of course both, but it is well to remind ourselves from time to time that if the system on the other side were not predicated on the Leninist proposition that it is the duty of those who run it to extend it to the entire world, the conflict would be static and void of danger.

Thus the static theocracy of Tibet, at the times when the Han Chinese left it alone, was in no sense a danger to the rest of the world. Thus again, it would be hard to maintain that the inward-looking way of life dubbed "Burmese socialism" by General Ne Win and others constitutes a threat to Burma's Southeast Asian neighbors; whereas the outward-driving Leninist regime of Vietnam quite clearly does.

Shifting Sands

I am prompted to these reflections by the saddening spectacle presented by the European democracies at a time when the menacing system on the other side is itself in a crisis of viability and peripheral turmoil.

Here are some examples at random.

Sweden: A brief interlude of non-socialist rule failed to cope with current economic problems, and Olof Palme was returned to power. Yes, Olof Palme: the man who recognized the Vietnamese Communists when Americans were being killed in the war, the man who now carries the Soviet-style message of "peace" in the Socialist International, the man who makes no secret of his desire that Sweden should become a "People's Democracy," Eastern-style.

Italy: A long crisis of *ingovernabilità*; as I write, the annual tally of murders in Sicily reaches 109, one of them that of a brave man called Dalla Chiesa who had been sent there to do something about the Mafia; Spadolini's minority government has its mandate renewed because the Christian Democratic Party is hopelessly corrupt and not many people take the democratic and anti-Soviet professions of the Communist Party at face value.

Holland: One paralytic coalition succeeds another.

France: Two devaluations since the

Socialist-Communist coalition came to power in the spring of last year; unemployment and inflation soaring; the well-disciplined Communist Party, now totally realigned toward Moscow, gradually (but fast) bringing the apparatus of the civil service under its control; a fragmented opposition.

Britain: The Thatcher government came to power with the overwhelming support of voters who hoped it would curb trade-union power, yet the trade-union legislation so far introduced is timid and marginal. Voters also believed that this was a government that would "stand up to the Russians": instead, we had Lord Carrington's diplomatic appeasement, followed now by Francis Pym's (one degree worse). And Margaret Thatcher stands up to President Reagan (on the Siberian gas pipeline), not to President Brezhnev.

Spain: The press on both sides of the Atlantic reflects the conventional wisdom that democracy is, per se, good (even when it is bad), and dictatorship, per se, bad (even when it was, in so many ways, demonstrably good). Within six months of the legalized return of political groups after Franco's death, about five hundred of them had registered, thereby disproving the notion that there would be thirty million (one per capita). Whittled down for practical purposes, they yielded a coalition disguised as a center party, the UCD, under a former Franco minister named Adolfo Suárez and with the blessing of King Juan Carlos.

Now the UCD has broken up into five components (not the same ones it started out with), as its government has broken down. The UCD government presided over an astonishing piece of constitutional drafting, which yielded the kind of power for the autonomous regions (the Basque provinces, Catalonia, Andalusia, etc.) that the Spanish army won the Civil War to prevent. This is now seen as a bad joke, since regional legislation is often plainly unconstitutional—that is, incompatible with corresponding clauses of the central constitution. Terrorism is on the increase. So are inflation and unemployment. The king, widely praised for his coolness and courage, stayed aloof early last year from an attempt by part of

the army to persuade him to preside over a temporary military regime that (as in Turkey) would have restored order and tidied up the economy before handing power back to the civilians. This is usually referred to as an abortive coup d'état.

Willy Brandt's Man

Spain's military intelligence has now nipped in the bud a rather more serious conspiracy directed toward what would, if successful, have been a real coup. We are told that the coup was timed for October 27 of this year, the eve of the general elections, which were widely expected to give a majority, but not an absolute one, to the old Socialist Party (the Spanish Socialist Workers' Party, or PSOE). Thus the Civil War continues, by other means.

The Socialist leader, Felipe González, is generally credited with charisma. He is also a protégé of Germany's ex-chancellor Willy Brandt, in the latter's capacity as chairman of the Socialist International, by now well penetrated by friends of Moscow. How much harm the Spanish Socialists will do to the country's economy will depend partly on whom they choose as their coalition partners. What is not in doubt is that harm is on its way. As for international affairs, González and his party fought hard to keep Spain out of NATO (another reason why the army officers were plotting), and he has pledged himself to submit the issue to a referendum and to renegotiate the military-bases agreement with the U.S. Uncertain days ahead . . .

Germany: *NR* readers might expect me to be happy about what has been happening in the Federal Republic, and of course I do rejoice at the fall of Chancellor Schmidt's coalition, during which his team has tried harder and harder to square the circle of membership in NATO and a "partnership for security" with the Soviet bloc. But it is a pity that the government fell through a constitutional device and not as the result of a general election. Still, there is hope.

Perhaps, despite our systemic sicknesses, we shall survive; but not for want of the collective death wish. □

Reaganomics Equals Carternomics

TOM BETHELL

SOMEWHERE DOWN in that collective cerebellum where news-media opinion is formed, there was a command decision, traceable back to the summer of 1981, to the effect that "Reaganomics has failed." It had not by then been implemented, but good results were supposed to show up ahead of time, because of expectations (as the media informed us). Today it is a commonplace that Reaganomics has failed. This, as I say, is a decision, not a conclusion. It has nothing to do with the facts. Do I claim, then, that Reaganomics has been a success? No, I claim that it has not been put into effect.

Let us go back to January 1981. The new "Reaganomics" consisted of four parts: a reduction in the growth rate of federal spending; a reduction of income tax rates, in rough accordance with the Kemp-Roth bill; a reduction of inflation via control of the monetary aggregates; and a commitment to reduce the regulatory burden on the economy.

To what extent have these goals been achieved? First, consider spending (or "public investment" as some are beginning to call it). If reduction in growth means anything, it surely means reduction below the figures projected by the Carterites. In January 1981 the outgoing Carter Administration prepared and released budget totals for the coming years. Knowing that it would promptly be amended by Reagan's stony-hearted hatchetmen, Carter's lame-duck budgeteers felt free to promulgate a big-spenders' wish-list. They were in no danger of being accused of irresponsibility because within days they would be out of office. Eyes were already fixed on David Stockman. For fiscal year 1982, the Carter wish-list totaled \$739 billion. A month later Stockman reduced this figure to \$695 billion.

Well, fiscal 1982 just came to an end, so I phoned OMB just to find out what the actual spending total was. I was told they didn't have final figures yet, but their latest estimate was \$731 billion.

Bear in mind that in the past year inflation has been lower than was foreseen by Republicans or Democrats. So spending should have dropped accordingly. The truth is that under Reagan spending has gone up in real terms—gone up higher than projected by Carter.

What about defense spending? Is this Carter-sized Reagan budget due to big defense increases? The outgoing Carter Administration proposed \$180 billion in defense outlays for 1982. Defense spending in fiscal 1982 turned out to be \$187 billion.

SUPPLY-SIDERS have always said it is politically impossible to cut spending, and that the best hope for economic recovery is to reduce the price that government charges us to live here. (Or rather, to work here: the government actually pays people to live in America.) Hence, income-tax rate reductions were enacted in 1981—part two of Reaganomics. But these were so small and so long delayed that they were insufficient to offset the Social Security tax increases and the never-ending inflation-induced bracket creep. Imagine a man wading toward the deep end of a sloping swimming pool, with the water level on his body representing his marginal tax rate. Observing that the man may soon be out of his depth, poolside inspectors open a valve to let some water out. But they do so half-heartedly, and the water level drops too slowly to keep up with the wader's progress into deeper water.

That is what happened with the tax cut of 1981. The point has been documented in two articles by Stephen Meyer and Robert Rossana, in the *Business Review* of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia. Intuitively, the average taxpayer has no doubt sensed this. He saw his meager rise in take-home pay after July 1 this year; he remembered the January 1 increase in Social Security, and he no doubt deduced: all that talk about "tax cuts" was a fraud. He might also

have believed that the tax cut went to "the rich." Actually, there is some truth to this. The top tax rate on "unearned" income was reduced from 70 to 50 per cent—the one success of Reaganomics, so far as I can see. (Revenues collected at the lower rate will certainly rise in 1982, incidentally.) But the top tax rate on all-important earned income will remain at 50 per cent, taking effect at a higher *nominal* level.

Nevertheless, it remains an article of faith in some quarters that the income-tax cuts were massive and ought to be rescinded. J. W. Anderson, a *Washington Post* editorial writer, recently claimed on that paper's Op-Ed page that we have had "two large cuts in income-tax rates, and a third coming next July." I dropped him a note, inquiring how he arrived at this odd finding.

"In response to your question," he replied, "I'd say that personal income-tax receipts fall in the years 1981-83 by just about every measure. The best is, I suppose, tax revenues as a percentage of personal income. Using CBO projections, my own rough arithmetic suggests that personal income-tax revenues will fall by something over 1 per cent of personal income from 1981 to 1983."

Is that perfectly clear, gentlemen? I'm afraid these people can think only in aggregate and collective terms. How about marginal tax rates on personal income, Mr. Anderson?

You may well say: If Reaganomics has not been implemented, why did President Reagan declare himself satisfied with the legislation that was passed in 1981? Former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Paul Craig Roberts believes that Reagan himself is not aware yet that the income-tax payer will barely manage to tread water throughout his Administration. "He thinks there was a big income-tax cut because that's what Dave Stockman and Jim Baker have told him," Roberts said.

At the next news conference some reporter should defend the people's right to know by asking: Mr. President, how come spending is at the same level that Carter proposed in 1981, and how come tax rates on earned income will be the same in 1985 as they were in 1981, or even higher, and how come the regulatory climate (with the exception of deregulated oil prices) has not improved at all, and may actually have deteriorated? How come Reaganomics was never put into effect? Is that why the economy isn't doing so well? □

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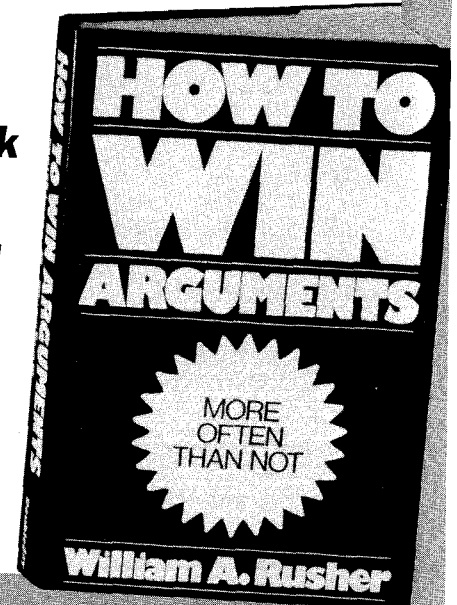
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TWENTY YEARS LATER

A Priest Looks Back on

VATICAN II

JOHN H. KNOX

THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the formal opening of the Second Vatican Council on October 11, 1962 is a suitable occasion on which to reflect on its effects to date. Both admirers and critics agree it was the most important event in the Catholic Church in this century. It also has had consequences so far removed from its stated goals that the growing number familiar only with the former find it hard to believe the latter. To judge the effects fairly we must recall the goals and put the Council in perspective.

Vatican II—which was intended to complete, not undo, Vatican I—met under quite different circumstances and had very different effects. It was the largest, the freest, and one of the longest Councils. Vatican I, which opened on December 8, 1869, was interrupted by the Italian seizure of Rome on September 20, 1870 and was adjourned *sine die* on October 20 of that year with most of its agenda untouched. Occasional suggestions that it be reconvened were judged inopportune. The matter seemed less urgent because so many of the reforms—or, as we would say today, so much of the updating—expected from the Council had been attended to by the Holy See.

There were major differences also in the reasons given for convoking the two Councils. The purpose of Vatican I, as expressed by Pius IX, was “to bring necessary and salutary remedies to the

evils by which the Church is oppressed.” He saw the Church, and especially the Holy See, menaced from all sides and needing to develop her internal resources. He hoped the Council would do that by strengthening unity, restoring clerical discipline, restating Catholic doctrine, and condemning prevalent errors clearly and firmly, and by fostering the religious spirit and piety of the people. His hopes were realized, and in all those areas he was more successful than John XXIII and Paul VI. Vatican I initiated a period of growth and development that lasted until 1962. It included substantial progress in mission areas like Africa and Asia.

It was precisely John XXIII's consciousness of the improved condition of the Church, reflecting the unity and internal strength fostered by Vatican I, that made him feel the time was ripe for a new Council that would help the Church render even more effective service to a troubled and spiritually impoverished world. He knew the storms the Church had encountered in his lifetime (he was born in 1881) and the dangers and anxieties to which contemporary society was exposed. Since his ordination in 1904 he had seen persecution, varying in duration and intensity but often very bloody, in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Russia, Eastern Europe, China, Mexico, and other places. He knew the perennial tension between the Church and some segments of the intelligentsia, the high cost of her tardy recognition of the importance of social problems, and the inroads made among Catholics by the competing anti-

Christian ideologies of his time. Still, weighing the good and the bad, he was sure great progress had been made.

John XXIII saw the Church in better shape than the world, and better able than before, because of changes within and without the fold, to achieve the threefold aims of his Council: to deepen the faith and piety of the people; to move toward Christian unity; and to promote the peace without which he foresaw further political and social upheavals and calamities. He felt this could be done if the sacred deposit of Christian doctrine, with special reference to the Councils of Trent and Vatican I, was guarded zealously and taught efficaciously. In some areas that would require careful reformulation to make it more comprehensible to modern man, and a certain updating of Catholic discipline and practices. That updating—his famous *aggiornamento*—was a restatement of Pius XI's dictum that the Church must always be healthily modern.

The vision of a revitalized Church shoring up a confused and morally decadent society has yielded to the reality of a largely demoralized Church deeply infected by all the vices and errors of the world in which it lives. How are we to explain the speed and extent of the collapse of the high (probably too high) hopes associated with the Council and the development of a situation in which there is more confusion about Catholic doctrine and a greater falling away from Catholic discipline than has been known for centuries? The answer lies chiefly—but surely not entirely—in the

Father Knox is a New York priest who has spent many years in Rome.

change of popes during the Council.

The replacement of John XXIII by Paul VI in June 1963 had immensely important consequences for the Church and the world. The new Pope had the crucial task of completing the Council, which had not yet passed a single decree, and of supervising, confirming, and implementing its decisions. He shared his predecessor's enthusiasm for the Council but differed greatly from him in personality, character, background, and experience. Though everyone recognized his intelligence and good will, his many private virtues and the high polish acquired by a lifetime of study, many were already aware of his Hamlet-like vacillation. Beneath that was something few had sensed. Not since the reign of Clement VII (1523 to 1534) had there been a pope rendered so incapable, through a morbid timidity, of providing leadership or maintaining discipline. The absence of these essential qualities was a defect, not a fault, but it explains the failure of his pontificate. And it was a fault that he refused to seek or to accept the help he needed.

Aware that his pontificate was cast in a notably important and special time, Paul VI believed that the Church, which he saw leading from weakness, not strength, had to come to terms with the world in a way that had never been attempted before, and that he had the formula for doing so successfully. Basically his policy was simple. It is well known that in the Catholic system there are many things a pope can change, and some that he cannot touch. Even among the latter, he can alter the emphasis with which a particular doctrine is taught, and, by doing so, he can alter the contemporary perception of the Catholic position. Paul VI's policy was to hold firmly, albeit sometimes reluctantly, to what had to be defended and in all other matters, great and small, to give as much ground as necessary to avoid open conflicts and to steer safely through stormy waters. He wanted to make it quite clear that if conflicts came they had been forced on him.

At the direction of Paul VI the Council chose to stress the pleasant rather than the unpleasant side of man, and thus justified placing "confidence in the liberty of the modern Christian with his greater knowledge of his duties and his greater maturity in choosing the means to fulfill them." That made it safe to make "the practice of the Christian life

The
Church was
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the absolute minimum
observance. She got
much less than that

as easy as possible in conformity with its supernatural character." This relentlessly optimistic approach, which ran counter to all available evidence but from which he never deviated publicly, would, he hoped, allow the Church to retain her wavering members, regain the lapsed, and attract non-Catholics, who would find conversion less demanding. The twin dangers of the growth of indifferentism and compromise were judged worthwhile.

The new program involved sweeping changes, each of which was intended to make life easier for someone and none of which, in spite of all that has been said of the Age of the Laity, came in response to popular demand. Public attention focused on the liturgical and ecumenical movements, both of which were overrated and are now being criticized unfairly for not doing more than they ever had the capacity to do. The liturgical changes went far beyond anything approved by the Council and soon acquired a momentum of their own that Paul VI chose not to resist. Many of the changes are permanent but others may not be. There are signs that the era of experimentation and options in which almost anything was allowed—including the wholly novel concept of the liturgy as entertainment—is ending. The basic mistake was forgetting that there is much more to religion than the liturgy and that the latter, though indispensable, is inadequate to the task of renewing the Church. Fruitful participation in it requires a living faith and a personal commitment the liturgy can nourish but cannot produce. The number and speed of the reforms, usually made without adequate preparation, had much to do with the loss of

a sense of the sacred, of reverence and mystery, that is so widespread now.

Neither John XXIII nor Paul VI expected quick results from the ecumenical movement because they recognized the mountainous, and, humanly speaking, insuperable, obstacles that confront it. The obstacles are historical, cultural, political, and, most important, theological. Paul VI himself recognized the papacy as the chief obstacle. It is one that cannot be tacitly avoided; conciliatory gestures like his refusal to allow the centennial of the definition of papal infallibility to be observed in Rome could have no effect. Significantly, the movement has flourished best, if that is the word, in countries in which Catholics are an unpopular minority very definitely outside the Establishment. For, at bottom, the dogmatic differences are irreconcilable, and the widening disagreements on moral issues make common action on social issues ever more difficult. Of course, none of this means that a better understanding of conflicting doctrines is impossible.

From the beginning of his pontificate, it was clear that Paul VI had no stomach for the confrontation with Communism that was so prominent under Pius XI and Pius XII. He would not allow it to be condemned by the Council partly lest it prevent Russian Orthodox observers from attending the Council, but more importantly because he was convinced that open criticism of the Soviet system was useless. He put his hopes in quiet diplomacy, the only weapon he felt capable of using. When Czar Nicholas I visited Rome in 1845 he was rebuked sternly by Gregory XVI for his oppression of the Poles. Psychologically, Paul VI was as incapable of rebuking Soviet President Podgorny when he visited Rome as he was of issuing Solzhenitsyn's warning to the West.

The enduring legacy of Paul VI is the general relaxation of discipline that amounted to a massive assault on the traditional Catholic teaching and practice of asceticism. As far as was possible without the formal denial of Catholic doctrine, a permissive society was matched by a permissive Church. Self-denial, which is the very substance of true, practical religion, was not barred but was no longer required. Rules and regulations that fostered or imposed it, and which had always been intended as a guide and support to pilgrim man, were abolished, and "modern man"—

an abstraction to which the Pope referred frequently—was left on his own. The Church was content to require the absolute minimum observance. As could have been foreseen she soon got much less than that.

Any program based on a serious misreading of human nature is bound to have disconcerting results, and Paul VI's was no exception. The effects were felt unevenly throughout the world because conditions vary so greatly, but here in America, where the standard of observance had been very high, the effects were devastating. The statistics could fill pages. All agree that millions of adult Catholics have ceased to attend Mass and receive the sacraments and that millions of their children are following their example. Millions are living in canonically invalid marriages and millions more join them in rejecting the Church's teaching on sexual morality. Underlying many defections was the loss of a sense of sin—an awareness of what Cardinal Newman called "the prevalence and intensity of sin." That topic practically vanished from papal teaching and the local pulpits. Characteristically, the Pope tried to meet the general abandonment of the sacrament of penance by making it easier and renaming it the sacrament of reconciliation. No doubt there would have been substantial losses anyway because of outside pressure during the sexual revolution, but they were increased greatly by the Church's refusal to use her internal resources.

Selective obedience in faith and morals spread quickly because the traditional Roman insistence on giving sound doctrine top priority was set aside. It soon became evident that the Pope was willing to teach and defend Catholic doctrine but was determined not to enforce it. When, in the encyclical *Humanae Vitae* (July 29, 1968), he repeated

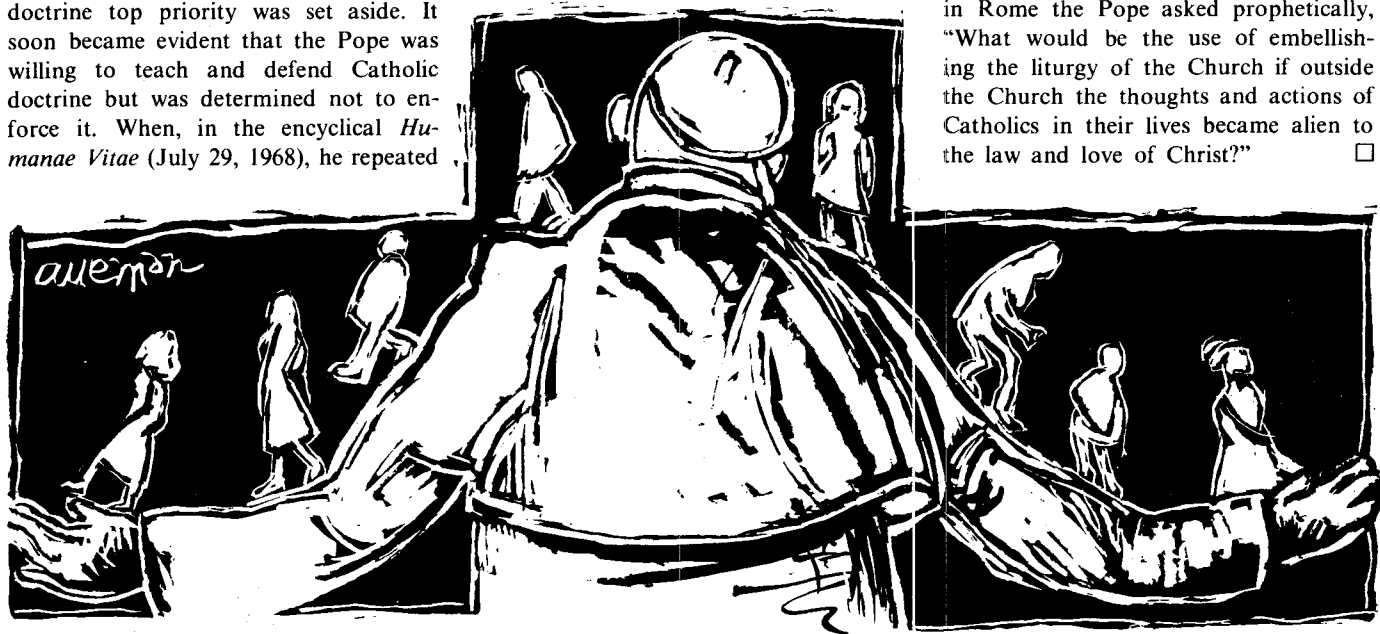
The religious life was intended to be happy, not easy, and the attempt to make it both brought grief to many

the traditional Catholic doctrine on artificial birth control, as his three immediate predecessors had done, he accepted public contradiction from segments of the official Catholic press, from many theologians, and from some bishops. He then maintained almost total silence on the subject for ten years only to reaffirm his stand shortly before his death.

The relaxation of discipline was felt especially among the priests and the members of the religious communities, who had been held to stricter conduct than the laity. Once again the attempt to attract a larger number of suitable candidates by lowering the requirements backfired, and the pontificate of Paul VI saw the largest voluntary flight from the altar and the cloister in the history of the Church. The priesthood, shorn of much of its authority and pres-

tige, was made easier to enter and much, much easier to leave, and offered less of a challenge to young men. The religious life had always been intended to be happy, not easy, and the attempt to make it both brought grief to many. Poverty and obedience were diluted greatly, and dispensations from vows of celibacy or chastity were granted almost on request. The communities that relaxed the least suffered the fewest losses—Mother Teresa of Calcutta has no trouble recruiting American novices.

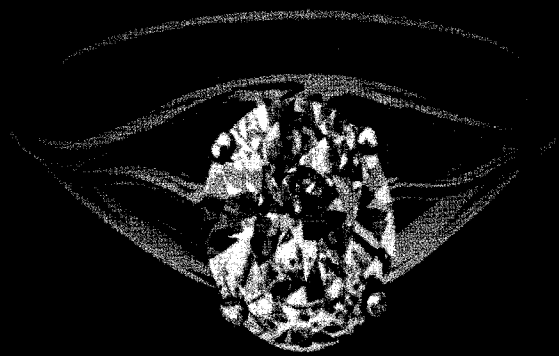
Both popes elected in 1978, John Paul I and John Paul II, used their first papal speeches to issue a call for the revival of discipline. All experience shows how immensely difficult that is. Generally it requires some changes of personnel as well as of policy. John Paul II, busy about a thousand things, including his travels, which are a great inspiration for ordinary Catholics, has made very few changes in the Vatican staff. Almost without exception the key posts are filled with dedicated and competent men who owe their careers to Paul VI. Barring direct orders from the Pope, it is probable that while he is ill or away or busy about other things they will settle day-to-day problems as they were trained to do. So will the very high percentage of the bishops who were appointed by Paul VI. The Pope, who surely is a strong, well informed, and inspiring leader, has yet to show that he can carry through a reform program. He and his advisors have not faced the question posed by Pius XII in April 1943 in a letter to the bishop of Berlin. Referring to liturgical innovations there that were causing concern in Rome the Pope asked prophetically, "What would be the use of embellishing the liturgy of the Church if outside the Church the thoughts and actions of Catholics in their lives became alien to the law and love of Christ?" □



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Mont Pelerin in West Berlin

In the Shadow of the Wall

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IT WAS A great idea to hold the 1982 September meeting of the Mont Pelerin Society at the Hotel Inter-Continental in a glittering part of free Berlin. The symbolism was apt: one can walk west from the hotel toward a spacious, privately owned zoo stocked with exotic animals that are gifts of local benefactors, or one can go east through the placid Tiergarten to a platform at the Brandenburg gate and look over the ugly Berlin Wall to the deserted streets and grey vistas of the Soviet zone. Broadly speaking, the Mont Pelerin program exploring the possibility of maintaining a free society in the coming decade was thoroughly justified by the dismal trans-Wall spectacle of what might follow if the West were ever to let down its guard.

There were, of course, certain ironies in the flaunting of Mont Pelerin principles before East Berliners just a hop, a skip, and a jump away. West Berlin is not to be confused with Hong Kong as a free-trade area. It is deep inside the Soviet-dominated Eastern Zone. The tensions of airlift days have long since disappeared, and, thanks to the four-power Berlin agreement of 1972 between the French, British, Americans, and Russians, transit through East Germany is relatively smooth. Even so, there are marketing difficulties. To draw in companies from West Germany, the Berlin Economic Development Corporation, run by former Ford executive Robert Layton, has had to offer a variety of tax-exempt subsidies, turnover tax advantages, and low-interest leases and financing. They speak of the "Berlin preferences." Ford has invested 130 million Deutsche marks in a West Berlin plant to make plastic components for cars, creating some seven hundred new jobs. But Ford would hardly have returned to West Berlin if there had not been those special advantages. Similarly, Siemens stays because the city government of West Berlin, now run by Christian Democrats, plans to offer special electronics training to the students attending the local Technical University. AEG, Siemens's competitor, has had a tougher time with its West Berlin ventures.

From an employment point of view, West Berlin offers a peculiar market. What strikes one about the city is that there is a plethora of very young and very old faces. But the middle-aged "family" units are few and far between. There are 75,000 students in the city's

universities and technical schools. By coming to West Berlin, which is not technically a part of West Germany, they escape the draft. Eventually most of them will return to Düsseldorf, Munich, Stuttgart, or some other western city where there are job opportunities and family prospects connected with a wider world.

The Coal Pipeline

Since the essence of an Enterprise Zone is that it gets special tax and leasing advantages, why doesn't West Berlin qualify for the name under Jack Kemp's rules?

I think I caught a whiff of the answer during the "off-day" boat expedition down the Wannsee waterway. Tied up in the canals feeding into the waterway were the inevitable coal barges. The barges come from the East, loaded with coal from Polish and other Eastern-bloc mines. An American woman who had gone to West Berlin a long time ago to become a nurse told me of her efforts to get natural gas in place of the dirty, smog-creating coal she is compelled to use in her kitchen stove. But there has never been enough gas, so she submits to the continued use of Communist coal.

As a devotee of the late Spencer Heath's idea that a decent human environment requires maintaining citadels and altars as well as markets, I would not demand that West Berlin, a citadel of sorts, be run on Adam Smith's principles. Several of the Mont Pelerin papers—such as "The Free-Rider Problem in Alliances" and "For Efficiency in National Defense"—dealt with this problem of the citadel.

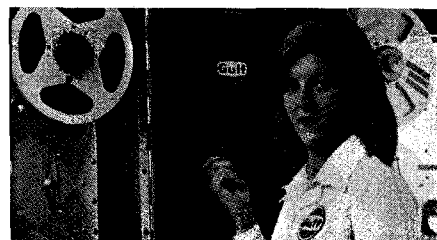
Professor Werner Kaltefleiter of Kiel complained that "the whole Western Alliance is sometimes seen in the position of at least a cheap rider in comparison to the Chinese efforts against the Soviet Union." With specific reference to West Germany, Professor Kaltefleiter deplored those who would de-nuclearize Western strategy without at the same time providing the money needed to pay for a tremendous increase in conventional forces. Professor Kaltefleiter

Mr. Chamberlain's autobiography, A Life with the Printed Word, was published by Regnery/Gateway on October 18.

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also commented on West Germany's refusal "to participate in any efforts to protect the supply lines for raw materials and energy although this country is one of the most dependent with regard to this type of imports." However, the West Germans, he pointed out, are not the only Western Europeans who are laggard in fighting the resources war. When it comes to protecting supply lines around Africa and opposing the Communists in metal-rich developing countries, "all the other European countries . . . with the exception of Belgium . . . are free riders."

In another paper on defense issues, J. B. Koepl of Munich cited Helmut Schmidt, the recently deposed Social Democratic chancellor, as a disbeliever in the effectiveness of the military power of the East. "Why," Koepl says, putting words in Schmidt's mouth, "should the Soviet Union produce better arms if the goods that it makes for civilian use are so inferior? . . . After all, the most recent conflict between Israel and Lebanon has demonstrated the superiority of Western arms."

The question of inferior Soviet manufacture has a certain relevance, but Koepl still finds it ridiculous that the Federal Republic of West Germany should be getting only thirty to 35 new combat aircraft a year for the expenditure of a "monstrous sum." The Warsaw Pact nations, says Koepl, are manufacturing 1,400 aircraft a year—and such quantities could make the West German planes vulnerable to a mass onslaught.

It was a departure for Mont Pelerin

speakers to be so heavily engaged by problems of military strategy but, with the Berlin Wall looming only blocks away, a failure to discuss the subject would have been glaring. As it was, Mont Pelerin raised some very pertinent questions that bear on the protection of Free World trade.

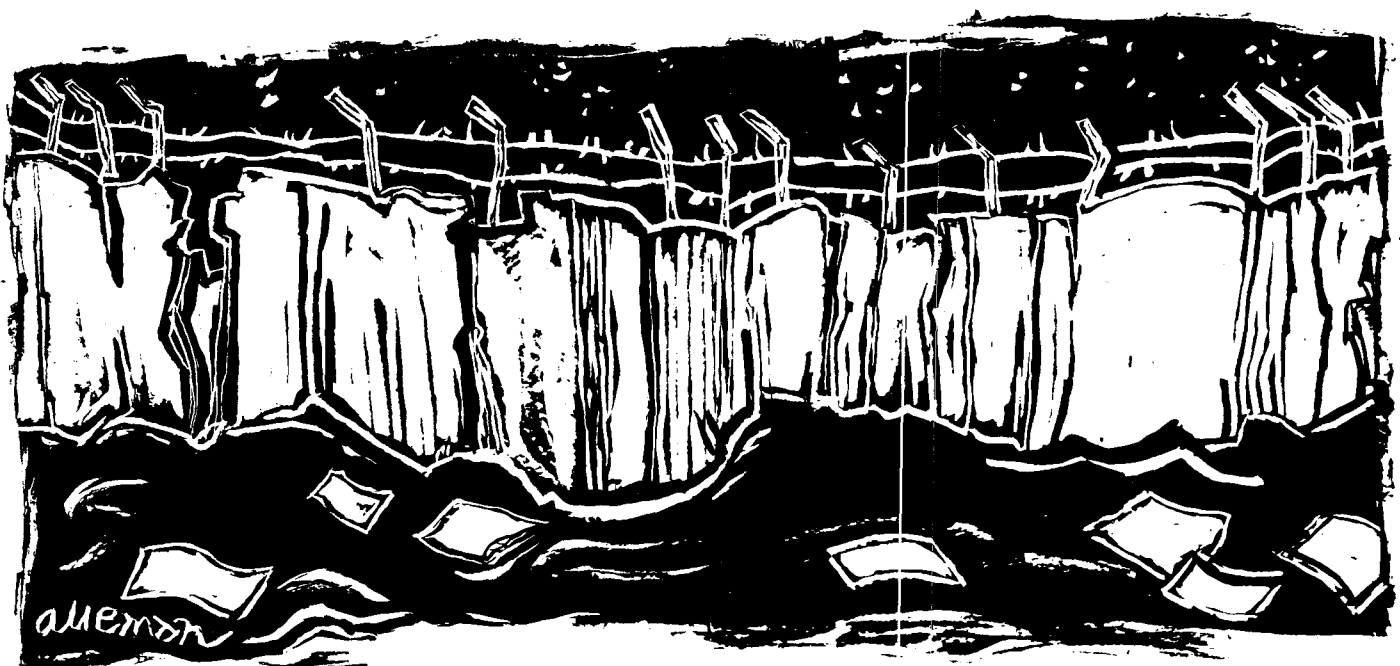
EEC Protectionism

There was, however, a certain lack of integration when it came to reconciling military and economic thinking. Milton Friedman raised a relevant economic point when he surmised that the European Economic Community may have achieved some of its internal successes at the expense of the economies of the outside world. But if the creation of the Common Market has enabled Western Europe to maintain the unity that is needed for its own defense against the Eastern bloc, the economic harm that has been done to non-European industries by price and other market discriminations could turn out to be a social good for the West in general. It is disappointing that the application of Jean Monnet's European-integration ideas to the Common Market in general and to the coal and steel community in particular have not been followed up by the forging of a political federation of all the Western European states. But a partial success is better than no success at all.

The lack of integration in the conference also extended to the grouping of papers. John Davenport complained,

for example, that an early session devoted to supply-side economics was separated by far too many hours from the reading of a final paper by Herbert Giersch of Kiel on "Social Elements as Limits to Economic Growth." Professor Giersch, criticizing Keynesian wage policies that were based on the idea that labor might not notice that it was being cheated on real wages if nominal wages were pushed high enough, made a broad attack on the politics of the last two decades. Because of politics, he charged, the labor shortage has given way to mass unemployment, the exploitation of the environment "to a pantheistic adoration of the earth," the concentration on funding of huge research projects to technological pessimism, the fascination with big designs to a preference for what is small and beautiful. The political guarantee of full employment has been followed by chronic unemployment, Giersch noted, and the over-expansion of the welfare state has resulted in a decline in the work ethic and in self-reliance, private charity, and the family. Intellectuals have taken to hating the material advantages that gave them their educational opportunities. Cheap money is accompanied by high interest levels, and throughout Europe there is "Eurogloom."

In Giersch's estimation there must be "wage moderation" if there is to be any prospect of maintaining capital sufficiently intact to produce a spurt in supply-side offerings owing to new machinery. Giersch doesn't expect any such moderation before the end of the



decade. A nice prospect for Maggie Thatcher and Ronald Reagan.

Professor Friedrich Hayek, the founder of the Mont Pelerin Society, sought to bring it all back to words, particularly when it came to arguments affecting the Germans. There is no sense, he said, in speaking of a "social market economy" as something distinct from a market economy. The word "social" could be interpreted as meaning anything or nothing. It could even be used to justify socialism itself, a palpable negation of the market idea.

Hayek's call for more precision in adjectival usage was taken amiss by two West German economists, Wolfgang Stutzel and Christian Watrin, both of whom insisted that continuing transfer payments—the "social market"—must be the order of the day for a long time to come in West Germany. Insofar as West Germany itself is a "citadel" outpost in the struggle against Communism, even the new Christian Democratic chancellor, Helmut Kohl, would probably agree.

Nor were the younger members of the Mont Pelerin Society and their guests expecting miracles. But a young Dane laid it on the line when he objected to the acceptance of welfarism as something more than a necessary evil in a temporary situation. He said he had heard enough Fabianism back home in Denmark and could dispense with it at a Mont Pelerin meeting in West Berlin that had been called to promote its own brand of Fabianism-in-reverse.

Jan Tumlr, a Swiss economist, put things in perspective when he remarked that the "soziale Marktwirtschaft" in West Germany represents a "mixture rather than a synthesis." The hope of the Fabians-in-reverse is that the mixture can be changed in a voluntarist direction by peaceful means. Here, at least inferentially, Jan Tumlr counsels patience. "Progress," he says, "is generated by new ideas, and new ideas do not have political constituencies."

Events, however, can change minds—and when this happens the new idea that has lacked a constituency can suddenly look like an ancient wisdom. Grandchildren, at this point, make common cause with their grandfathers. When the "social market" has failed enough Germans over a long enough period, Hayek's call for sharper definitions and a sensible distinction between a "mixture" and a "synthesis" will be heeded. □

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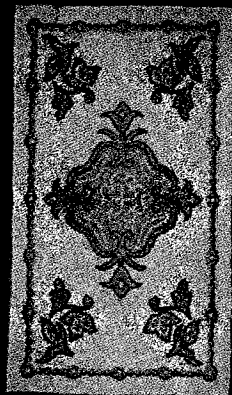
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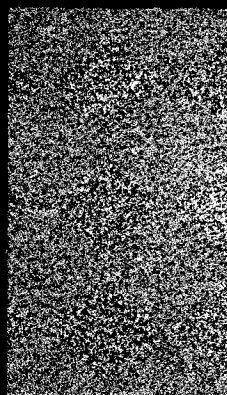
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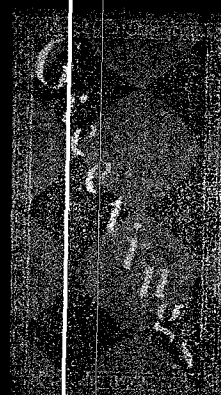
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SAFETY MESSAGE



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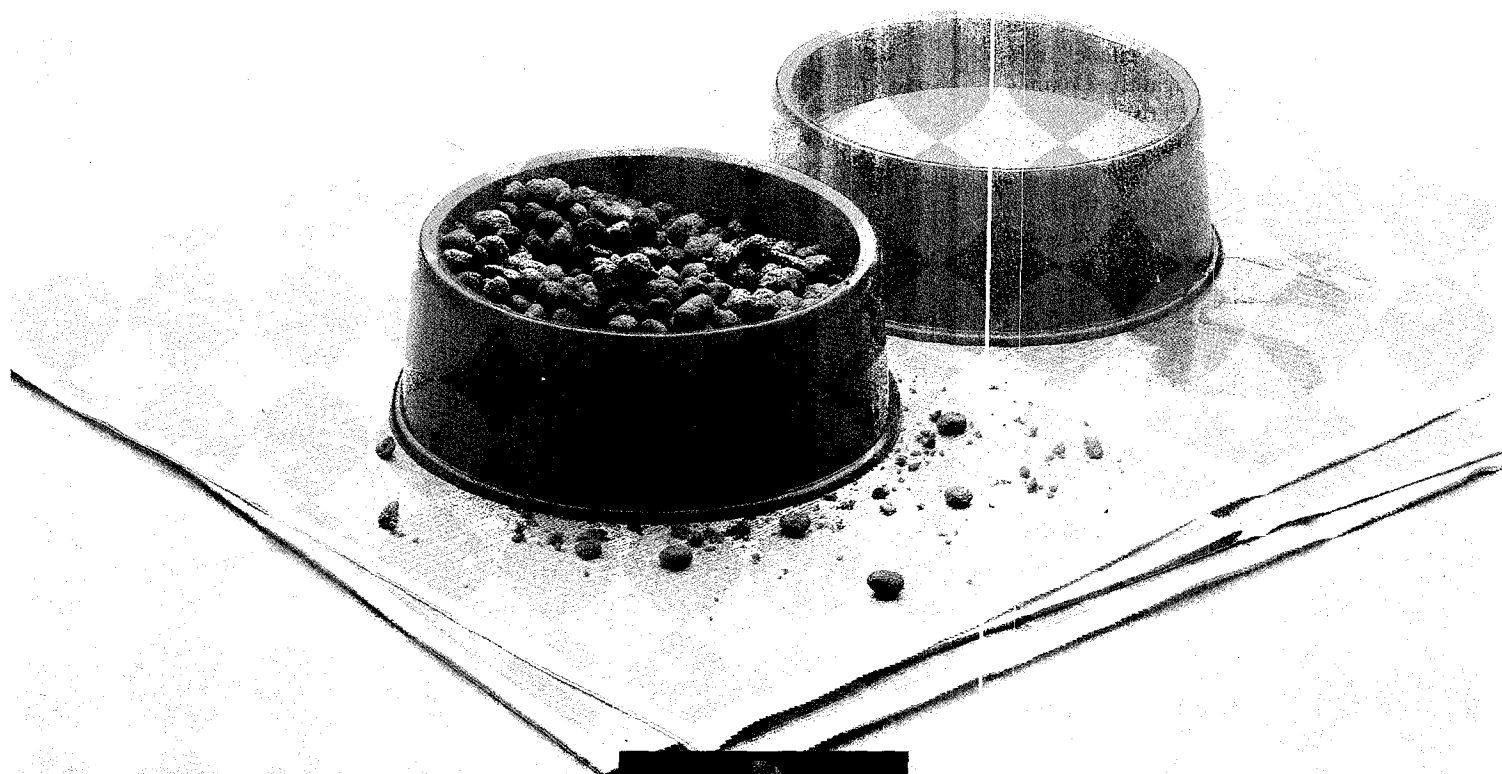


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Moral Majority, says Jerry Falwell, is a political, not a religious, organization. It opposes abortion and favors the family; it is anti-pornography and pro-America. Why does he get two hundred death threats per month?

A Student Editor's Experience

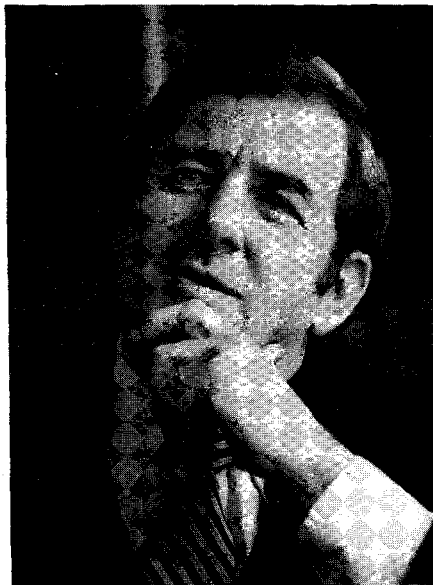
DINESH D'SOUZA

HE LOOKED ORDINARY enough, reclining in his overstuffed chair, toying with the little wooden sign that said "Jerry Falwell" in old English letters. He wore a navy-blue double-breasted suit, but his tie was a little awry, and his ample figure strained at the coatsides. Most familiar were the deep avuncular voice and the palm siddling up his jaw as he spoke.

This, then, was the man. Hitler himself. Well, he didn't look or sound the part. He was far too round and smily to envision before a swastika, standing up starched and drooling with fervor. Falwell was hospitable, witty, and cordial. When pressed to utter guttural sounds, he demurred and offered me a cup of coffee.

Our college newspaper had arranged an interview with the infamous Jerry Falwell. It was initially planned as just a taped phone conversation. But we were so elated when Falwell consented to an hour-long chat, fireside no less, that three of us rented a car and headed down to Lynchburg, Va., the following week.

Lynchburg is a long way from Ivy League America, we found out as we nosed our way down hedged lanes, and as the scenery changes, so does the political milieu. Lynchburg is definitely Falwell country. In fact, Falwell's associate Joel Pearson told us that one-fourth of Lynchburg's seventy thousand residents attend Thomas Road Baptist Church to hear the Reverend speak on various religious and social issues. Sprawled all over the Southern town are Falwell organizations: Moral Majority, the Old Time Gospel Hour, the Liberty Baptist College and Seminary, the Lynchburg Christian Academy, the Sunday School, and more. Falwell is founder, chancellor, or president of all



of these, and shuffles among them in his busy schedule, which includes twenty speaking engagements per week, regular television and radio broadcasts, and an active family life with his wife, Macel, and their three children.

From what we could see, Falwell does not live lavishly; as one of our trio, Laura Ingraham, put it, he should have no problem getting through the eye of the needle. He dresses well, but he is a fundraiser and TV celebrity, not just a Baptist preacher. He is whisked around the country for speaking engagements in Moral Majority's own plane so that he can get back to his family each night, which he dutifully does. Falwell lives in a smallish house in the center of Lynchburg and drives a lumbering pickup truck. His office is austere and could use an interior decorator; there is a quaint desolation about it, perhaps to unnerve reporters and freethinkers, perhaps to remind them that there is a hell and life is

tragic. Falwell draws a \$42,500 salary from Thomas Road Church (a meager sum, his aides were quick to point out, for the CEO of an organization with a \$63-million annual budget); from Moral Majority he gets nothing. As for security, Falwell has no guards, just a sensitized fence around his home, and he gets approximately two hundred death threats per month.

We sat around a mahogany table and rigged up our apparatus: tape recorder, camera equipment, and the rest. We noticed that Falwell's aide, Pearson, who was present throughout the conversation, also had a tape recorder on, "for the files," he explained. Releases had to be signed assuring Moral Majority that the interview would appear only in cleared publications; Falwell said it was imperative that he avoid "another *Penthouse* situation." For all the initial caution, however, Falwell throughout the interview was casual and even jocund.

A Strong Defense

The Reverend wanted to get certain things off his chest, correct the common misconceptions that he feels plague him even among conservatives, and so his initial responses contained plenty of information. Moral Majority, Falwell stressed, is not a religious but a political organization. He repeated this four or five times. *Political*. It has four major emphases: It is committed to the pro-life position (although Falwell does not favor a human-life amendment); it upholds the traditional monogamous family; it opposes pornography and

Mr. D'Souza is currently chairman of the Dartmouth Review.

drug trafficking; and it is pro-American, which means, among other things, that it favors a strong defense. In addition, Moral Majority supports "the state of Israel and Jewish people everywhere," in Falwell's words.

Membership in Moral Majority is 30 per cent Roman Catholic, 20 per cent evangelical-fundamentalist, and the rest a montage of Mormons, Jews, and others, including a number of nonaffiliated conservatives; this diversity, Falwell pointed out, could not be maintained in a religious organization. "If Moral Majority became religious it would disintegrate," he noted. "The Jewish people and Roman Catholics laugh when the press refers to it as a fundamentalist group."

Nevertheless, there is obvious confusion engendered by the fact that Falwell heads both Moral Majority, a political entity, and Thomas Road Church, a religious institution. That the public does not always distinguish between the two is suggested by the church's annual budget, which has jumped from \$1 million in 1970 to \$63 million; surely Falwell's national recognition in connection with Moral Majority has something to do with that.

Yet Falwell makes a sharp distinction in his mind between his religious and his political involvements. For example, he refused Billy Graham permission to speak about political matters in Thomas Road Church because of Graham's well-known involvement in liberal politics. Falwell, on the other hand, is quite willing to speak on Moral Majority political concerns in synagogues, when he is invited to do so.

The Adversary Press

Falwell is partly responsible for the public's blurred perception of his political and religious identities. But he has what may be called press catatonia, which explains his failure to clarify these distinctions effectively for the public; he has made so many efforts in the past, and they have all been distorted by the press, that he has come to feel that "They print what they want." Falwell cites groups like the political action committees (especially NCPAC), the charismatic Christians, or local book-banning lobbies, all of which he has been allied with according to the media, none of which he has dealt with or knows very much about. "Our critics

talk about 'moral majoritarians,'" said Falwell, "knowing full well that people will associate them with Jerry Falwell. Then they quote somebody in Indianapolis who calls the NCC president the Antichrist, somebody in Maryland who protests the making of naked gingerbread men, or all this talk about book-burning. It's totally dishonest."

Now wait a minute. You mean Jerry Falwell doesn't want *Ulysses* or *Lady Chatterley's Lover* off the shelves? That's right, he doesn't. Of course, skeptics may say, there is no way to ascertain what Falwell in his heart truly wants, what matchbox conspiracies lurk there, but if words and actions are any indication, the Reverend is quite a champion of the First Amendment. "I would oppose legislation that would ban any book from publication or distribution, period," Falwell said. "Public libraries should be untouched. I would, however, oppose the placement of what a community would consider an obscene book in a classroom, where there is a captive audience, where public funds are used." At Falwell's Liberty Baptist College, students are exposed to every ideology—even some kinky ones excluded from state school curricula—"but we also teach what's wrong," Falwell said.

Falwell had some First Amendment indictments of his own to make. He assailed his nemesis, Norman Lear, as a "glamorous hypocrite who, when he speaks about freedom of speech, means only for him, not us." Falwell was particularly peeved that ABC News had given Lear two hours of prime time, and \$2 million, to air his *I Love Liberty* extravaganza as a fundraiser for People for the American Way, a group formed to counter Moral Majority. Despite efforts by Falwell to participate in the program or at least for his Liberty Baptist choir to sing patriotic songs, Lear, ABC, and the FCC said no. No space, no time. Falwell commented, "To me, it is amazing that Jane Fonda could be a part of Norman Lear's *I Love Liberty* program; she is Hanoi Rose." He is adept at nicknames, and had one for Lear: the Hugh Hefner of television.

Most of our discussion with Falwell revolved around his critics. We were interested in what he had done to deserve his image. In the words of *Dartmouth Review* editor Keeney Jones, "Your portrait is of an ultra-right-wing, somewhat racist, and extremely vicious

Hitler-figure." Falwell identified three sources of disinformation. First, the liberal clergy, who, Falwell said, have enjoyed a monopoly on divinity (at least in the political arena) for 35 years. "These people perform quite well when there is no opposition, when they're being applauded, but when they are being debated they fall apart," he said. He mentioned the leaders of the National Council of Churches, Jesse Jackson, William Sloane Coffin. Second, leftward politicians and bureaucrats. These were incensed with Moral Majority because "in recent years a politician could vote liberal in Washington, and then go back to his home state and present himself as a conservative," Falwell said. "By publishing voting records, Moral Majority has changed all that."

Message of the Media

Finally, there is the press. Here Falwell was particularly emphatic. He attributed the array of attacks on himself and Moral Majority to press misunderstanding of the organization, as well as malice. But mostly the latter. "We do not ask for support from the media, but we do ask for objectivity," he said. "It is not irrelevant that the vast majority of media people are committed to the opposite point of view from Moral Majority." Falwell cited Patrick Buchanan's publicizing of the poll which revealed that the press is lopsided in its political persuasion: 80 per cent of the 240 media people interviewed said they voted for McGovern in 1972; nearly 90 per cent said they felt adultery was okay, homosexuality acceptable, divorce a way of life. Falwell said, "Obviously when you are trying to filter a message to the people through the press, it is amazing if even a part of what you intended gets through."

Perhaps the most invidious critics of Falwell are those who call him a racist. Distortions here can only be traced to malice, to a media inclination to stereotype Moral Majority as having all the evils: racism, sexism, antisemitism, etc.

Falwell was raised in Lynchburg "believing from infancy that segregation was right and Christian," he said. He was brought up in an agnostic environment; he didn't own a Bible, and neither his father nor his grandfather went to church. At 18, Falwell was converted to Christianity through the Charles E. Fuller radio broadcast (which, he says,

his mother turned on on Sunday mornings, knowing the kids were too lethargic to get up and turn it off); that changed things for him. "When I became a Christian, through my Bible reading and spiritual development, I began to confront some of these issues in my own life. It was only several years later, after I had been to Bible college and returned to Lynchburg, however, that I got racism flushed out of my soul." Then he had to teach his church, said Falwell, an apparently successful endeavor, because "today we have probably the most integrated church in America, with many blacks in the school, church, and ministry." Using a vocabulary that contained almost disturbing echoes of the liberal civil-rights spokesmen of the Sixties, Falwell said, "Now we are a generation away from that, but when people talk about racism as if it were a thing of the Dark Ages they don't realize that it is very recent. It is still very much present."

Sex and the TV Camera

We asked Falwell about television, where he is reputed to be most finicky, but again he took a rather moderate course. "Moral Majority has never asked that the national airwaves become Sunday school; we have not asked for a back to *Ozzie and Harriet* calendar, or a religious motif," he stated. "We have simply said that in the name of reason and common sense, let's get the four-letter words off the air, let's stop at the bedroom door—we don't have to go in the room and between the sheets—let's take out gratuitous sex and violence that is offensive to the average American, as far as his children are concerned." And what does Falwell consider gratuitous, given the width of that term? Well, *Saturday Night Live*. Lear's stuff. *Dallas*, with reservations. "But generally speaking, it's not the program or the setting," Falwell said. "*Dallas* could be very acceptable; greed and avarice are real-life themes. We're not trying to get away from them. But when people see JR in bed with a woman—not his wife—wrapped up together under the sheets, that is too much. Good writers should be creative enough to leave the impression of what is going to happen without it actually happening on the screen." Falwell added, however, that because Moral Majority's surveys showed that networks are now

putting less emphasis on sex, violence, violent sex, and sexy violence, his organization did not plan to boycott TV sponsors in the near future.

Despite the brouhaha over TV excess and balanced budgets (Falwell laughs when asked if he ever said the Bible mandates a balanced budget; he points out that his own ministry runs a considerable deficit), Moral Majority's most urgent issue is abortion, what Falwell calls "biological holocaust." The Reverend is more tense about abortion than about any of his other political causes; he gropes for an analogy of villainy. "If God was angry with Hitler for the destruction of the Jews, he is likewise angry with the United States, and particularly the churches of America, for our silence," he said. Falwell's position on this issue, however, is not totally resolved. He wavers about whether a woman who has been raped or had incestuous relations should be allowed to have an abortion.

Curiously, given Southern Protestant history, Falwell admires the Pope very much; he also adores the President. "I

say about Pope John Paul II what I say about Ronald Reagan: they are the greatest men in my lifetime." He spoke with delight of the Pope's unflinching courage. "The Pope came to America, and the media tried to put words in his mouth, but he addressed abortion, homosexuality, and the ordination of women here just as he does at home. He didn't cut any corner regardless of whether people agreed with him or not. He told it the way it is; he couldn't care less what Cronkite thought of him," Falwell said, smiling broadly. He also spoke glowingly of Begin and Sadat, whom he described as "courageous men of our day raised up by God in these critical times to shake their fists in the face of hell."

Falwell added a few pleasantries and then it was over. Throughout our interview, Falwell's phone rang often, and every now and then the darting face of his secretary appeared at the door. One call (from Mrs. Falwell) got through. Now Jerry Falwell waved goodbye and cheerily jumped into his pickup to drive home for lunch with his family. □

And That's the Way It Is

I turn on the evening news thinking I'll hear
What's happened today in the world far and near,
And, boy, do I hear it! And hear it again
And later once more (if I listen) and then
I read the same news in the paper next day
(Construed by opinions that weigh yea or nay).

I know by this time what each delegate said;
Who'd rather be dead versus who opts for Red;
What Nancy is wearing; what's newest in crime;
Who's up for indictment at this point in time;
That prices are towering (that's news?) sky-high;
What's doing with Mitterrand, Shultz, Lady Di;
What play is a flop and what movie a smash;
The joblessness figures in South Succotash;
In sports the replays and replays of the score;
The weather predictions (amiss) shore to shore.

By now I don't have to hear more of Bob Hope
Or even of pleas for (what?) peace by the Pope
Or follow the wranglings of Arabs and Jews . . .
Or listen once more to the news, news, news, news.

—CORINNA MARSH

ALBANIA

Museum of Marxism

JOHN BURKE

THE PEOPLE'S Socialist Republic of Albania is a lonely witness to the fact that dictatorship of the proletariat will always fail, anywhere. Here, the shabby slavery cannot be blamed on Russian history, Slavonic muddle, Chinese tradition, or American blockades. Indeed, the bankrupt regime shuns Western credits, long after losing subsidies from Moscow and Peking in turn. Albania has not even the excuse of being a Balkan backwater, for, as any traveler can see, the standard of living (and level of freedom) is much higher in neighboring areas of liberalized Yugoslavia.

The problem is spelled out right at the border, where armed guards stand beneath a sign displaying a typical slogan by Enver Hoxha, who is now the world's longest-ruling dictator, in Europe's most isolated and impoverished nation: "Even if we have to go without bread, we Albanians do not violate principles. We do not betray Marxism-Leninism."

Border patrols and gunboats make sure that almost nobody escapes from this Stalinist state, which has more than a dozen concentration camps in its mountains. Not many people get in, either: no Russians or Americans, and a mere twenty thousand tourists of other nationalities per year. (As a British subject, I made arrangements for my trip in London.)

Even among the tourists, beards, long hair, sexy slacks, and mini-skirts are banned—not to mention contraceptives and pornography. Bibles also are not allowed into the world's first totally atheistic state. In 1967 the Hoxha regime shut 2,100 churches and mosques, killing or jailing the clergy. Steeples have become clocktowers topped by a red star. The principal cathedral is now a gymnasium.

This is in Scutari, where a bust of

Lenin glares across a park at Albania's anti-religion museum. Its sacrilegious exhibits provoke so much argument among foreigners that Albturist does not take its charges there until the last day of their tour.

Individuals may not visit Albania—only groups, traveling on a collective visa. Guides obviously work for the secret police (ASSh), and their propaganda is unconvincing. For example, our man—who wore the same shirt and shoes for a fortnight—boasted that his liberated people had eliminated financial crises such as inflation.

In fact, the 2.5 million Albanians struggle in a state of economic siege with few consumer goods and a currency, the *lek*, which is rejected by foreign banks. The ideal of a classless society means poverty and apathy for all—except for zealous officials of the Albanian Labor Party (PPSh).

THE BOSS OF the Mao Tse-tung Textile Mill in Berate gets only \$36 weekly, compared to \$21 for the women in blue plastic sandals seen sweeping the streets at all times of the day and night. Shifts last eight hours or more, from Monday to Saturday, fifty weeks of the year.

Propaganda themes imply too much bureaucracy, with low productivity and high absenteeism. Foodstuffs do not appear to be plentiful, although the manager of a farm told me proudly that 70 per cent of the land was collectivized. Albanians were seen queuing for bread, and we did not see a single butcher's shop.

Our guide told us that families (which tend to be large) spent an average of \$38 per month on food, whereas 3 per cent of salaries went for rent. But rural accommodations often look dilapidated, and flats in the towns look cramped and jerry-built. A new Albanian film showed children sleeping in the living room, while mother cooked on a coke stove in a tiny kitchen.

Albania is still prepared for irregular

warfare. The countryside is covered with pillboxes and blockhouses, while steel shutters cover many a hillside, and air-raid shelters can be seen in towns. Young pioneers in red scarves get paramilitary training; there is conscription for both men and women, although they have little more in the way of weapons than pickaxes and rifles (which form the symbol of the PPSH).

Albania's pitiful lack of mechanization is obvious as one bumps along the narrow roads in an old Fiat coach (foreigners must not go by train or bus). The roads are asphalted, at least, but they are often blocked by herds of cows or sheep, as well as by pigs, goats, ducks, and dogs. Most traffic is local. Horse-drawn carts and ox-wagons easily outnumber the battered lorries.

Only officials have cars, which are mostly Polish Fiats with grey curtains across the rear window. Volvos and Mercedeses are sometimes seen on Tirana's main boulevard, which is used for parades on May Day and guarded by dwarfish statues of Lenin and Stalin.

Both Stalin and Mao live on in the memoirs of their pupil, Enver Hoxha, whose red-bound volumes are stacked high in ill-lit bookshops where atlases and dictionaries are often "out of stock." Hoxha writes most of the editorials in the official newspaper, *Zëri i Popullit*—which nobody seems to read—and he enjoys a personality cult unrivaled in the Communist camp.

Placards by the wayside read RROFTE SHOKU ENVER HOXHA (Long Live Comrade Enver Hoxha) and PARTI POPULL ENVER (Party People Enver). No building lacks its stern portrait of this one-time tobaccoist, who is shown in the newsreels behaving like an electioneering capitalist: smiling, kissing babies, donning the fez, and sporting three-piece suits. This is the ex-partisan who liquidated every rival. At a Korcha school I heard children sing a hymn of praise to "our beloved leader."

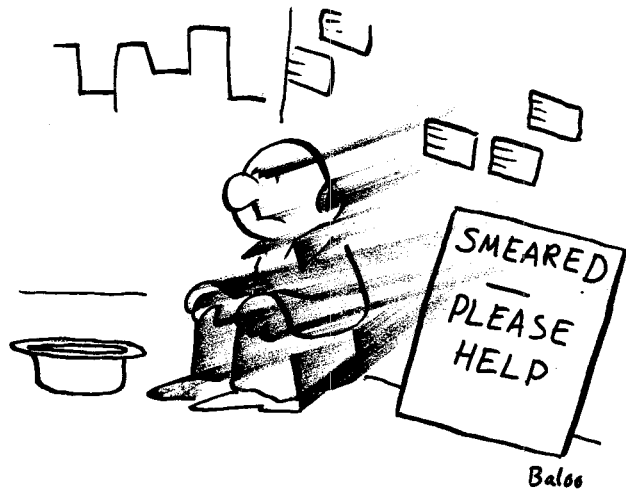
Hoxha is also glorified in 22 languages by Radio Tirana, whose weekly output of 564 hours approaches the 711 hours broadcast by the BBC overseas services. The station rants against everything from "imperialism" and "revisionism" to "social imperialism" and "Eurocommunism."

Albania, viewing the world through a red-tinted telescope, sees itself as the home of the one true brand of Communism. But it is merely Ruritania rewritten by the Brothers Grimm. □

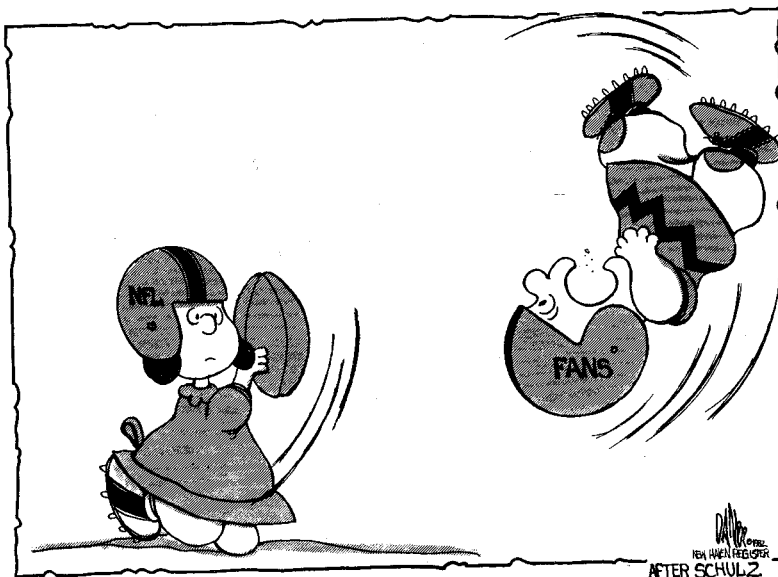
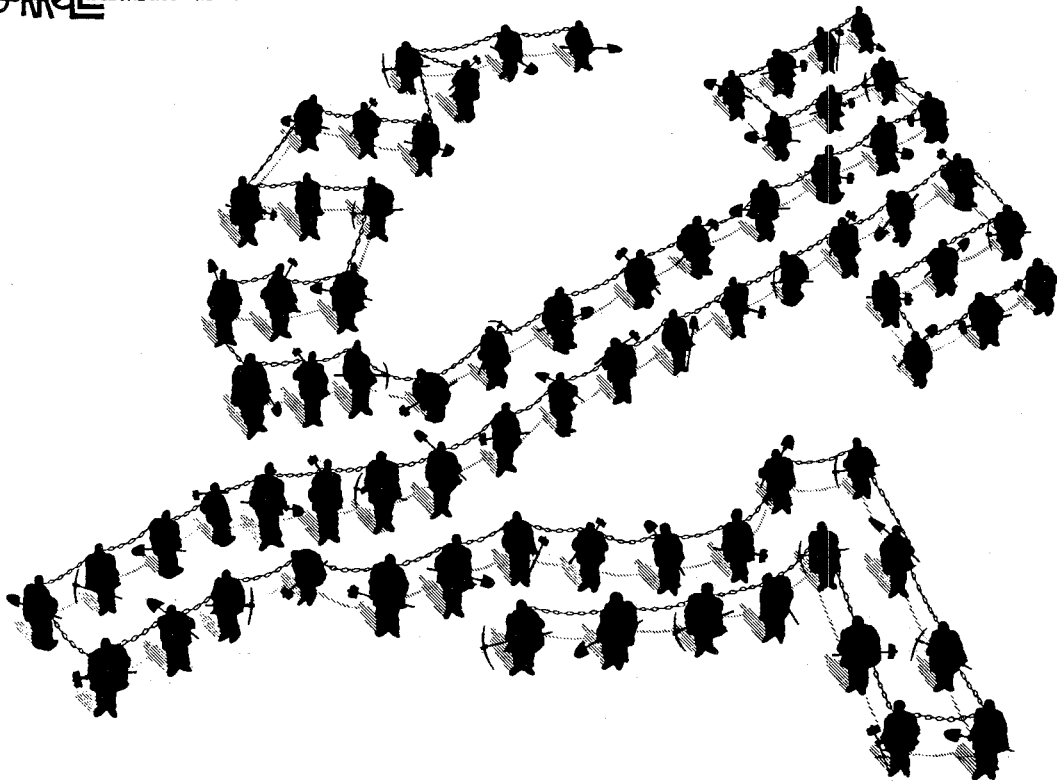
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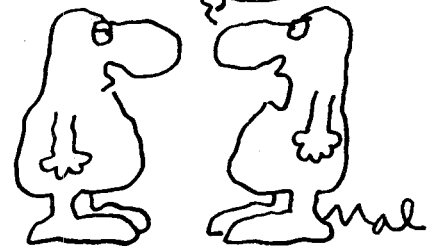
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SO, WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
BEING SIMPLISTIC
?



Some Alternative

If Reaganomics gets the works
 (What's left of it, that is),
 What do the Democrats propose
 To generate some fizz?
 I've probed this caterwauling lot,
 From Kennedy to Glenn,
 But nothing surfaces except
 "Let's prime the pump again."

W. H. VON DREELE



"Angela, the Senator is interested in taking a refresher course in gobbledygook."



Abroad

Moscow

Sweepstakes

Jockeying for position to become Leonid Brezhnev's successor as the ruler of Russia goes on at full speed. Andrei Kirilenko had been tagged as the "sure" candidate to take over from Brezhnev, even though the two men are the same age, 75. However, Kirilenko's own health is said to have deteriorated severely in the past few months. His public appearances have become rare. And recently he failed to sign the obituary in *Pravda* of a regional Communist Party official, the only one of the 13 members of the Politburo—of which he is the senior member—not to do so. As he wanes, so wax the fortunes of two new rivals for the throne of Lenin, Konstantin Chernenko and Yuri Andropov. Chernenko is a member of Brezhnev's personal cabinet and would represent continuity in the government. But Andropov, who is only 68, is drawing ahead in the betting. He resigned as chief of the secret police (KGB) last May to enter the Party secretariat. He would probably be a tough boss because of his KGB background, observers think, while as an admirer of the Hungarian "experiment," he would initiate more rational economic leadership. The world will know more after November 7, when the Soviet hierarchy assembles above Lenin's tomb for the traditional military parade in Red Square. Often an important source of power information in the past, this extraordinary lineup may continue to indicate the evolution of power in Moscow as clearly as anything else.

Brussels

And Now Electronics

Following the invasion of Western European markets by Japanese automobiles, Japanese electronic products are now hammering at the Common Market's gates. Leading manufacturers, especially in Germany, fear that the Japanese have purposely increased their output of television sets and video recorders in order to infiltrate their preserves. The fear is that if the Japanese capture a major part of the entertainment electronics field, which in Europe accounts for up to half of all microelectronic production, then some day Europe may no longer have any microelectronic industry whatever. The natural answer is for European producers to forgo nationalistic rivalry and band together to capitalize on their quality and know-how in resisting the Japanese. But here they run the risk of breaching the Community's strict anti-cartel regulations. One solution might be to set up a joint international company to handle research and development, and service and repair operations. So far the Common Market's Commission seems responsive to the idea.

Assisi

Sliding

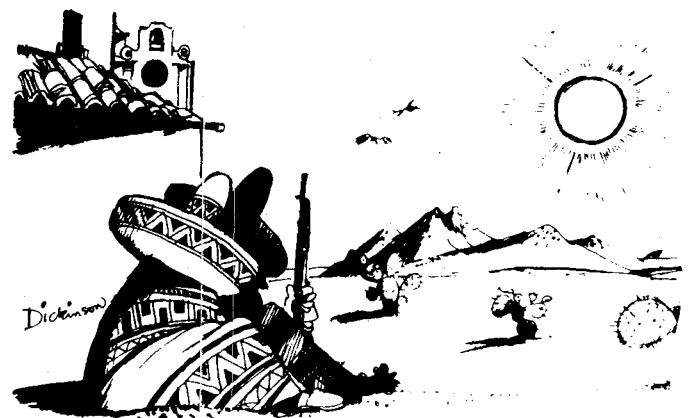
Part of the hillside on which this ancient and renowned city, the birthplace of St. Francis, is built is slipping into the valley below. A number of buildings, including a recently completed hospital, are being threatened with slow destruction. This has provoked a noisy row over the question, Which local authorities are to blame?—even though, as everyone points out, none of the famous churches of Assisi are at present

menaced. Twenty-five years ago, geological experts urgently recommended that studies of the landslide danger be made, but there was no money for this at the time and nothing was ever done. Why was the hospital built on a site known to be unsafe? Well, its construction was begun twenty years ago under another town council, and the present one is therefore not at fault. Moreover, it appears that the hospital, finished two years ago, has built-in anti-landslide safeguards. Assisi's mayor is optimistic. "In three or four months," he predicts, "we hope to master the problem. But," he adds darkly, "there are political maneuvers behind this thing. Someone wants to besmirch the image of Assisi at the height of its fame—just as we are celebrating the eight-hundredth anniversary of the birth of St. Francis." Nevertheless, the downward movement of the hillside continues slowly, and some townspeople say it is already too late to stop it.

Louvain

On ne parle pas français

For years now, the French language has been losing ground as a medium of scientific communication both at home and abroad—to English. Not only has English dominated international scientific gatherings and established itself as the means of written communication among scientific communities the world over, but French and other Francophone scientists, in order to make themselves heard at all, have had to express themselves in English in both speaking and writing, much to their chagrin. This circumstance has been repeatedly deplored by French scientific authorities, but to little avail. Recently, a conference was held in this high-place of French culture, in the French-speaking part of Belgium, to consider how such a situation could be corrected or at least ameliorated. One factor is that French scientific research, while of excellent quality, is necessarily physically limited. But the opinion was also frequently expressed that the use of the French language involved a certain degree of narcissism. "We study how many times the word 'passion' appears in the texts of Racine," expostulated French government scientist Bruno de Bessé, "but we have not yet drawn up a list of words considered indispensable to computer technologists." And a scientist from Quebec offered the thought that "It might be a good idea to invent a French scientific language, simplified and abridged. The love of phrases and complications seems to be a consubstantial sin of the French language."



Dickinson, *Punch*

Rothco

"We could hold up the bank and take the money—then the IMF will have to send more money, so we hold up the bank and take the money . . ."

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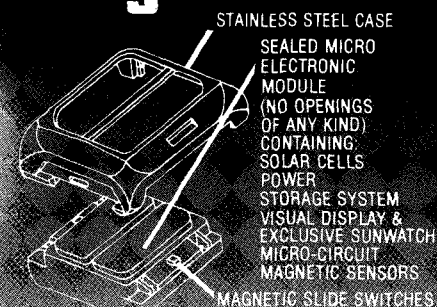
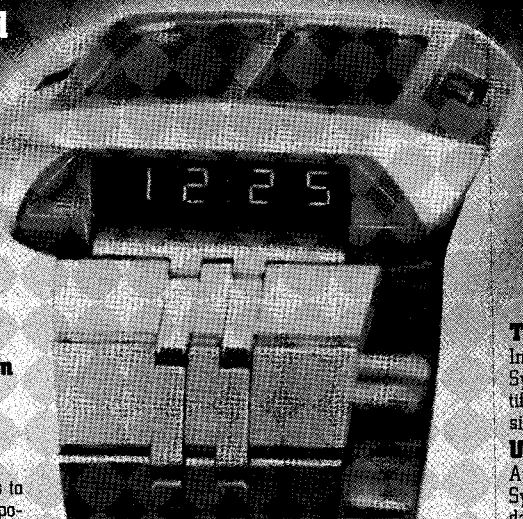
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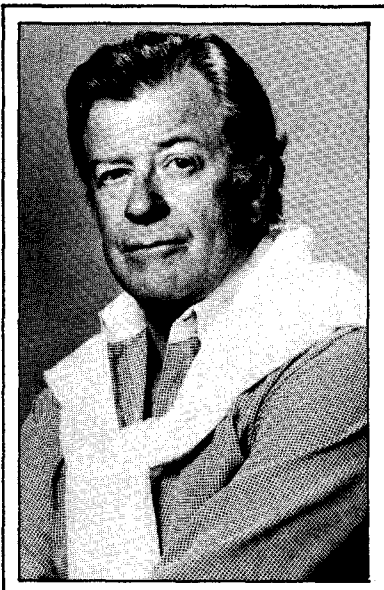
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Books Arts & Manners

JAMES CLAVELL, ≈ Storyteller ≈

TERRY TEACHOUT

He lamented that no new writers of the stature of Henry James, Edith Wharton, and Scott Fitzgerald (he tired of Hemingway early) had emerged since then in America. . . . On the other hand, he immensely enjoyed the big fat modern American novels with narrative quality, such as The Caine Mutiny, all Irwin Shaw's best-sellers, and up to The Godfather, the last he read; the kind you "couldn't put down."

—Cole Lesley, *Remembered Laughter: The Life of Noel Coward* (1976)

ONE, TO BE SURE, dare call it criticism; but one suspects that rather more than a mere senile itch for the joys of sequential narrative lay behind Noel Coward's repudiation of the serious modern American novelists in favor of their best-selling brethren. Our fiction has been going through a bad patch of late; and though Mr. Coward may have been off in his reckoning by a generation or so, he nevertheless foresaw with great clarity the real reason for the current domestic literary monopoly held by those "big fat modern American novels with narrative quality." It reduces to a simple but trenchant axiom: when the serious novelists are unreadable, those who read for pleasure will turn to the popular ones. And no one with access to a reliable best-seller list can doubt that this is precisely what is happening on the American literary scene today.

Sooner or later, of course, things will get better; one thinks in this connection of the seedy character in Peter De Vries's *Madder Music* who announces in passing: "There is nothing for fiction to do but return to narrative, just as there is nothing for a drunk to do but go home." But it seems that while we all stand around waiting for the drunks to go home, the popular novelists—who cannily never lost touch with Mr. Coward's good old conservative virtue, "narrative quality"—rake in the big bucks with their meretricious trash. It's enough to make you ask: Isn't there *anyone* worth reading on the best-seller lists any more? To which I would answer: Yes, indeed. Among others, there is James Clavell.

At 18, Sub-Lieutenant James Clavell of the British army was thrown into Changi, a Japanese prison camp in Singapore, where he spent the last three and a half years of the

Second World War. At 29 he emigrated to Hollywood and made a name for himself as one of the most successful writer-producer-directors in town; he eventually became a naturalized American citizen. At 35, idled by a screenwriters' strike, he wrote *King Rat*, a novel about his struggle for survival in Changi. Three years later, when he sold the film rights to *King Rat* for a cool \$157,000, Clavell pulled up stakes, headed for Hong Kong in search of inspiration—and found it.

Today, at 57, James Clavell is the author of four novels about Asia that have collectively sold some 14 or 15 million copies. Even non-readers have gotten pleasure out of his lucrative knack for telling an appealing story; two years ago, more than 125 million Americans watched a 12-hour, five-night television adaptation of *Shogun*, Clavell's most popular novel to date. To call him a "popular novelist" is an understatement: incredibly, he is now among the most widely read authors of the century.

"I'm not a novelist, I'm a storyteller," says Clavell. "I'm not a literary figure at all. I work very hard and try to do the best I can; and I try and write for myself, thinking that what I like, other people may like. My attitude is perhaps more romantic than psychiatric. I've never been trained as a writer, either. I stumbled into it in a funny way; I do not know how it works; and I'm petrified that it will vanish as easily as it came."

Clavell's modesty about his literary reputation is plainly genuine, though he has been publicly accused of false modesty. "I'd certainly like the Nobel Prize for Literature," he says with a smile, "but I'm sure they're not going to give it to me this year! Seriously, my concern is with the people who read my books for pleasure. Hopefully, I can give them pleasure; hopefully, I can entertain them; hopefully, I can pass on a little information which I find interesting. And hopefully—perhaps—I can be a bridge between East and West."

Thomas Mallon is a Visiting Scholar at Cambridge University this fall. . . . Robert Royal is an editorial associate at the Ethics and Public Policy Center. . . . Terry Teachout is jazz critic of the Kansas City Star.

There is a dignity in James Clavell's utterances that makes one approach his books with a sense of promise: and that promise is largely fulfilled in the reading of them. For Clavell is very much a born "storyteller," and an exceedingly craftsmanlike one as well. Even his most hostile critics acknowledge his ability to spin a ripping tale of derring-do. (*The New Yorker*, while dismissing *Shogun* as "a slick, ambitious, 802-page popular novel . . . which disadvantageously combines the worst qualities of the fact-crammed historical novel with the sort of flashy Hollywood dialogue . . . that [hasn't] been around much since the heyday of the Errol Flynn movie," admitted in the very next sentence that "Mr. Clavell does have a decided gift for storytelling.") What is not so often acknowledged, at least by the upper-crust critics, is the fact that James Clavell, within the sphere of his limits and inclinations, is a first-rate novelist of the second rank—the kind of popular writer, like Marquand or Maugham, who provides genuinely stimulating literary entertainment without insulting the sensibilities.

CLAVELL'S METHODS are displayed to fine effect in his most recent novel, *Noble House*. The fourth volume of Clavell's "Asian Saga," *Noble House* brings the activities of the Struan clan, first heard from in his 1966 novel *Tai-Pan*, up to date. A novel of unusual length—1,370 pages in softcover—*Noble House* is also unusual in its recognition of the unities; once past the prologue, which introduces Ian Dunross, the current "tai-pan" (merchant overlord) of Struan and Company (the fictional Hong Kong trading company known as "Noble House"), the novel confines itself to the events, chronologically narrated, of a single week in November 1963. Although the plot does not lend itself to elegant précis, this is roughly what happens: Two Americans come to Hong Kong with the intention of triggering a sort of Oriental proxy fight between Struan's and its historical arch-rival, Rothwell-Gornt, and feeding on the wreckage. Between one Sunday and the next, Hong Kong experiences an earthquake; all of the principal personages in the novel are in-

volved in a fire on a floating restaurant; there is a disastrous run on several major banks; the KGB and the Mafia do their best to take advantage of the general confusion; and a substantial amount of what one reviewer called "decorous sex" is engaged in by a variety of characters. The good guys win.

Obviously, this sounds preposterous; and it must be conceded that Clavell piles one cataclysm on top of another with a slightly excessive—and transparently improvisational—panache. ("In *Noble House*," he confesses amiably, "I wanted to write a story about two Americans who go to Hong Kong to try and usurp the Noble House, and en route they have lots of adventures. That's all I knew I was going to do beforehand." He adds, with a touch of regret: "In the old days—say, in *Tai-Pan*—when I got myself into a hole I could always kill somebody. It wasn't that easy in *Noble House*.") But what sounds preposterous in the telling is surprisingly convincing in the reading, and one races through *Noble House* like a fire engine, torn between savoring each tasty bit of local color and wanting to find out as soon as possible what new outrage Ian Dunross will put down next. Even the (generally) happy ending is satisfactory; anything else would have been contrived. (It should be noted that all of Clavell's other novels are like this, more or less; and all of them are every bit as rousing as *Noble House*.)

Another unusual aspect of *Noble House* is its political stance. It is refreshing to note that each and every one of the KGB agents in *Noble House* is a no-good bastard gleefully committed to the destruction of the West. And it is even more wonderful to find that all the good guys in *Noble House* are . . . well, *conservative*. One of the most engaging characters in the book, an intelligence specialist for Her Majesty's Government who slips Ian Dunross an occasional high-level evaluation on the side, likes to toss off informal speeches about such things as (this is 1963, remember) the future of the Panama Canal:

"Very well, plan that the Panama Canal will be lost to America."



"That's ridiculous!"

"Oh, don't look so shocked, Mr. Dunross! It's too easy. Give it ten or 15 years of enemy spadework and lots of liberal talk in America, ably assisted by do-gooders who believe in the benevolence of human nature, add to all this a modest amount of calculated Panamanian agitation, students and so on—preferably, ah, always students—artfully and secretly assisted by a few highly trained, patient, professional agitators and oh so secret KGB expertise, finance, and a long-range plan—ergo, in due course the canal could be out of U.S. hands into the enemy's."

"They'd never stand for it."

"You're right, Mr. Dunross, but they will sit for it."

Ian Dunross, for that matter, sums up his own personal politics as follows: "I'm royalist, I'm for freedom, for freebooting and free trade. I'm a Scotsman, I'm for Struan's, I'm for laissez-faire in Hong Kong and freedom around the world." When one considers that *Noble House*, jammed full of pleasingly inflammatory statements like the ones quoted above, sold a whopping 488,905 hardbound copies in 1981 alone, one is sorely tempted to say that James Clavell has written, without the pretentiousness of the original, the *Atlas Shrugged* of the Eighties. (The *New York Times*, which in the past has carried generally friendly reviews, now seems to have Clavell's political number. A profile of him that ran last year in the *Times Magazine* turned out to be a freelance scalpel job full of discreet sniggerings at his right-wing tendencies.)

IN PRIVATE LIFE, Clavell expresses himself far more mildly, steering clear of the outright conservative label. "I don't *have* any political views," he claims. "Very seriously. Please be kind enough to point that out to your readers. I'm not a politician; I'm not a rabble-rouser, not a fanatic, not anything. I'm a *storyteller*." But then comes the measured declaration: "Now if you're going to tell a modern-day story, such as I did in *Noble House*, you've got to consider the things that bother people in a modern way. Obviously, my position would be that we are under siege, and obviously it's quite clear that there's something wrong in the world. I am not limp and socialistic. I'm certainly for 'free trade and freebooting.' And I'm for the American way of life, and the English way of life, and the French way of life, and the German way of life—which is one of freedom. I think that if *that* is a political attitude, then I would say that is my attitude."

One issue on which Clavell parts company with American conservatives, though, is the China problem. "If I were President of the United States—and I did, in fact, write him a letter about this at one time—I would propose that our State Department should say openly to Mainland China: 'We would like to have eternal friendship with you. Tell us what you need. The Taiwanese problem? Well, you settle that—in a Chinese fashion. But don't rock the boat, and don't beat your breast in public, and don't wash your dirty linen in the streets.' You must remember that we in America have a historic attitude toward China that only recently has been screwed up: our historic task was to try and help them. That's all they want: to know that we're going to be friends. They have a billion people to feed, and enormous problems of every kind; and it seems to me that they're trying to do it in the best way they can. I obviously don't approve of the Communist attitude; but *that is their present government*, and the Chinese have a thing that whenever they're threat-

ened from the outside, it's just like the Fourth of July—they support the Emperor and repel the barbarians, under any circumstances whatsoever. I get bonkers, as they say in England, at the stupid and unnecessary mistakes our country has made with respect to China. For instance, at the time of the Geneva Conference, when Chou En-lai was there with Foster Dulles, he went up to him and said: 'Please excuse me, Mr. Dulles, let me introduce myself.' He put out his hand, and Dulles looked at him, turned his back on him, and walked away. What the Americans don't understand is that *that's going to be remembered for ten thousand years*."*



When in the proper frame of mind, James Clavell will gladly expand on his "nonpolitical" attitudes; but he greatly prefers to stick to the business he knows best—the craft of writing popular fiction. Although he is superstitious about discussing his novel-in-progress ("I'll tell you what: how about this? It's about this handsome chap who writes for this famous right-wing paper, and he's got himself this beautiful bird"), other than to admit that it is about Japan and is tentatively called *Nippon*, he will tell you about his methods of revision ("I write twenty pages for every one that sees print"), his favorite writers (Hemingway and Steinbeck), or his tendency to get "apoplectic" when he runs across "one fraction of one word that's hostile in a thousand-word review."

And, with a directness that rules out any possibility of affectation, James Clavell refers to himself time and time again as "just a storyteller." The implied distinction is a fair one; his work, for all its enormous appeal, makes no real attempt at the ambiguity and intellectual complexity of serious fiction—though *King Rat*, his first novel, suggests an untapped and underrated potential in this quarter. But Clavell rightly insists on the appropriate credit due him. "It used to be that the profession of storyteller was very honorable, you know, and I think that I would like to be one."

One inevitably thinks of those lines from another famous "storyteller" with an eye on the East whose reviews, like those of James Clavell, tended to be mixed.

Since the beginning of history men have gathered around the campfire or in a group in the marketplace to listen to the telling of stories. The desire to listen to them appears to be as deeply rooted in the human animal as the sense of property. I have never pretended to be anything but a storyteller. It has amused me to tell stories and I have told a great many.

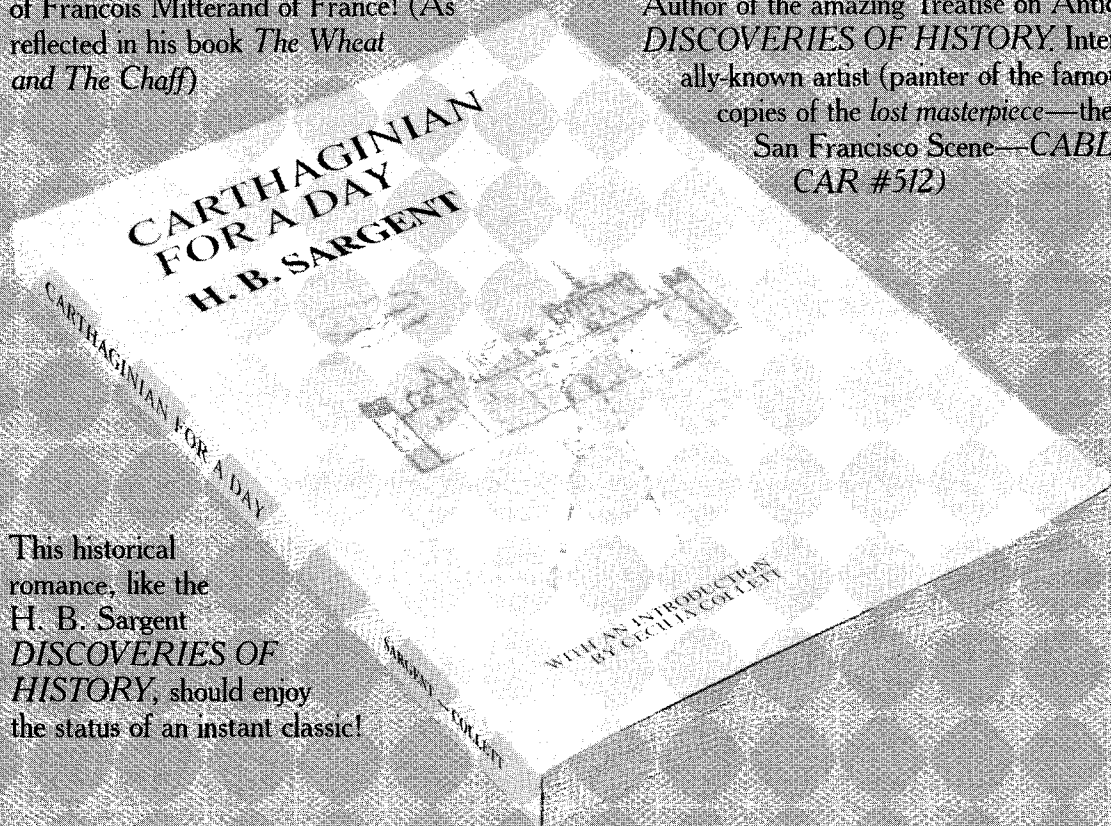
So, near the end of his career, spoke W. Somerset Maugham: no great writer, but still a superlative teller of tales whose best work has turned out to be of interest to a generation of readers far too young to know or care about the fussy demurrers of his fastidious contemporaries. It is not a bad summing-up for James Clavell, either; and if he lives to be as old and prolific as Maugham was, the world will unquestionably be the happier for it. Short of genius, who could reasonably ask for more? □

*Clavell's succinct analysis of where MacArthur went wrong in Korea, incidentally, is worth quoting in full: "If he'd wanted to settle the thing, he could have sent a private message to Mr. Chou En-lai that said, 'Look, I'm terribly sorry, but these thugs in the North are giving us terrible trouble. They're just brigands. Would you be kind enough to chastise them? Or may I do it for you?' And they would immediately have said, 'No, please don't do that, we'll take care of it,' and there would have been no Korean problem."

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BUILDING THE NEW SOCIETY

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Liberals forever remind us that the Soviet Union lost twenty million people in World War II. Nikolai Tolstoy (grand-nephew of Leo) puts the figure even higher. But he argues that most of them were killed by Stalin himself.

By Tolstoy's calculations, the Germans could have killed only a few million in direct combat; in addition, they killed three million Russian prisoners of war, largely because Stalin refused to bargain to get them back. The other millions apparently fell martyrs to what is sometimes called Stalin's paranoia, though it might be more accurate to say he had an unparalleled luxury of erring on the side of caution.

He was incomparably the richest man who ever lived: "Stalin virtually owned the Soviet Union in as absolute a sense as property can acquire." When a dog in the street woke him with its barking, he had dog and master shot. A series of painters who produced insufficiently flattering portraits of him—five-foot-four, scrawny, scrofular—were also shot. While the proletariat was reduced, at times, to cannibalism, he had mountains of caviar specially flown to his enormous personal estate, where he watched the American gangster movies he loved. Among other perks too numerous to mention, he received complimentary copies of every book published in the Soviet Union—"not necessarily an enviable privilege," as Tolstoy remarks, but more than most of the comrades got.

He drove one wife to suicide, obscenely abused his daughter for wanting to marry a Jew, beat and insulted a son, whom he later allowed to die unransomed in a German prison camp. He delighted in tormenting his highest confederates—including the nominal president of the USSR, Kalinin—in front of foreign dignitaries.

Yet he kept his men in line by establishing bonds of "gratitude and guilt," as Tolstoy nicely observes. They depended on him for everything, and they became the instruments he needed. The

"New Class" of privileged Party members was established early; in 1936 we hear of "a ball arranged by the NKVD." Champagne flowed freely at such socialist social events.

The New Class lived in far greater opposition to the masses than the czars ever had, and Stalin was keenly aware that if there was anything in this class-warfare stuff after all, he and the boys were in for it. So the business of his regime became the consolidation of his own position, and the elimination of potential enemies required the extermination of millions of "insects" (to use Lenin's term).

With his own criminal example he encouraged what one trusts was by far the most brutal period of violence in human history. Even *The Gulag Archipelago* hardly prepares one for this. One example will convey the tone: a man who would not "confess" to Trotskyist activities even after castration was forced to watch his pregnant wife beaten until she delivered a stillborn child. Such things were done thousands upon thousands of times, year after year after year. Special instruments of torture were apparently mass-produced, one for squeezing the skull, another for the testicles, and so forth, though interrogators were permitted to used broken bottles, ice picks, or whatever other conventional tools appealed to them.

Yet there are other touches, some of them funny. A deaf-mute was imprisoned for hostile propaganda. A ten-year-old boy was accused of acting as an American spy. One officer was found sitting at his desk, wailing drunkenly: "Today I am interrogating you, tomorrow they'll interrogate me. Alas, our life is worth but a kopek!" The man he was supposed to be interrogating was standing over him, patting his shoulder, trying to console him.

All the while, Stalin daily shaved him-

self by his own hand, terrified at the thought of what a counterrevolutionary barber might do while scraping an open razor along the Leader's throat.

There was apparently only one foreign head of state Stalin ever really trusted. He was paralyzed with shock and incredulity when Adolf Hitler broke his word by attacking Russia. For days he could barely compose himself sufficiently to order the usual potential enemies shipped off to labor camps; but eventually he did, even when he couldn't formulate a battle plan against the Germans.

It was always the domestic enemy he feared most: the kind of wartime revolt that had toppled Kerensky. Stalin did indeed make unremitting war on his own people; he never really understood why they didn't fight back, and he was amazed at the patriotism that drove them to fight for Russia, despite everything, when Hitler invaded.

Instead of returning the favor, he stepped up his pre-emptive purges all the while his people were saving his skin. It is wickedness of an astounding degree. This book makes *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* seem like Restoration comedy.

Tolstoy, who is worthy to inherit the name, interprets the slaughter of the Polish officers in the Katyn Forest as one of Stalin's attempts to forestall domestic revolt: the officers might have given potential rebels in the western part of the Soviet Union the leadership they needed, igniting a general uprising.

Just before his death Stalin was contemplating an invasion of Western Europe.

Stalin's Secret War is a stupendous book. □

Mussolini, a Biography
By Denis Mack Smith
Knopf, 429 pp., \$20

DISASTER'S DUCE

ROBERT ROYAL

"A main road in England is a foul and destructive thing, carrying the ravages of barbarism into a civilized land—noise, smell, abominable architecture, and inglorious dangers," lamented Evelyn Waugh toward the end of *Waugh in Abyssinia*. But he had seen a different process at work in Mussolini's construction of a



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—John Leonard, *New York Times*

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE NOVEMBER TITLES: Robert A. Caro's *The Years of Lyndon Johnson: The Path to Power* (Knopf, \$19.95), excerpted in *The Atlantic*, is forthcoming.

Confiscated Power: How Soviet Russia Really Works (Harper & Row, \$19.95), by Hélène Carrère d'Encausse and translated by George Holoch, argues that the ousting of Khrushchev in 1964 marked the transition from personal dictatorship to rule by a managerial elite that the author describes as "petrified power," and which she sees as wholly inflexible and unable to cope with changing social conditions in the USSR. In France the book has been a best-seller. . . . Robert Scheer's *With Enough Shovels: Reagan, Bush, and Nuclear War* (Random House, \$14.95) accuses the Administration of believing nuclear war is winnable (which it probably is) and nuclear planners of being obsessed by an insubstantiality called the Red Menace (which they'd damn well better be).

road-system in the occupied areas of North Africa: "along these roads will pass the eagles of ancient Rome, as they came to our savage ancestors in France and Britain and Germany, bringing some rubbish and some mischief: a good deal of vulgar talk and some sharp misfortunes for individual opponents: but above and beyond and entirely predominating, the inestimable gifts of fine workmanship and clear judgment—the two determining qualities of the human spirit, by which alone, under God, man grows and flourishes."

These hopes proved false, but Waugh's admiration for Mussolini's work captures the spirit of many in the Thirties who disliked what passed for civilization in England and France, stirred at the evocations of imperial Rome, and welcomed the prospect of a Europe restored within, civilizing without—a new Holy Roman Empire.

Waugh's evaluation of Mussolini is startling, not least because on the way back from Abyssinia he actually interviewed the Duce. He took the famous long walk across Mussolini's enormous office in Palazzo Venezia fully expecting to find a ridiculous figure behind the desk. Instead, he came away much impressed. If even Waugh's satirical eye discovered nothing to laugh at, Mussolini must have possessed great personal charisma indeed.

Ezra Pound also met with Mussolini

The season's second book on the subject of a well-known newspaper is Jerry M. Rosenberg's *Inside the Wall Street Journal: The History and the Power of Dow Jones & Company and America's Most Influential Newspaper* (Macmillan, \$15.75), which also covers *Barron's*, the *National Observer*, and the *Asian Wall Street Journal*.

Bruce Chatwin, author of the much-acclaimed travelogue *In Patagonia* and a less well-received novel, *The Viceroy of Ouidah*, is publishing a second work of fiction, *On the Black Hill* (Viking, \$14.95), about identical twins on a farm on the Welsh-English border.

Ian Hamilton is the author of *Robert Lowell: A Biography* (Random House, \$19.95), which looks to be an excellent critical life of the late American poet.

Architecture Today (Abrams, \$65), by Charles Jencks and with a contribution by William Chaitkin, surveys Post-Modernism in all its variegated manifestations: "the reigning, elitist style" (classical, industrial: prefab, handmade), to which Jencks gives his imprimatur. —CW

and from a casual conversation divined genius in the Italian leader. Soon after, Pound yoked him with an American genius in *Jefferson and/or Mussolini*, where he maintained that it would be an insult to the Duce to compare him with the three most recent American Presidents or British prime ministers.

Winston Churchill admired him. In Italy, many prestigious names—Croce, Toscanini, D'Annunzio, Marinetti, and others—supported Fascism in its early years. Mussolini's posturings found a ready audience among those who saw the liberal regimes governing badly or failing to govern at all. As he explained later,



"the imagination of the people" was the real key to governing, and Mussolini knew how to appeal to that imagination.

Years after, many people saw through the highly colored façade of the *fascio*, but that only increases our curiosity about the fascination that Mussolini's personality and public *persona* continued to exert at home and abroad in spite of the disastrous ineptness of his twenty-year regime.

The fascination remains a mystery. Professor Mack Smith's authoritative biography does not attempt to fathom it. This volume is a reference work, in the best sense of the term, by the leading writer in English on modern Italian history. Mack Smith tones down some of the more notorious stories about Mussolini and quotes him sparingly to present a sober, if damning, account of his life. The result is sound history, but conveys the full flavor of that colossal personality about as well as a fine English harpsichord arrangement would convey the full flavor of Puccini.

Part of the Duce's appeal involved creating a myth out of his own life. He did not, as officially portrayed, raise himself from abject poverty. His family had enough money to educate him quite well, with a little left over for the young Mussolini's political exploits. His father, an irregular socialist and blacksmith, named him after the Mexican revolutionary Benito Juárez; his mother was a pious schoolteacher. Benito inherited little from the distaff side.

At ten, he had already begun his life-long involvement with violence. The strict school that he attended, run by the Salesian fathers, frustrated him, leading to an incident in which he stabbed a schoolmate. Transferred to a more permissive school he was happier, but stabbed a schoolmate there as well.

Later, as a revolutionary schoolteacher and village socialist, he preached the glories of violence, "surgical violence," for establishing proletarian justice. This remained a leitmotif of the Fascist movement even after it had abandoned Marx and socialism. For Mussolini, violence was the way of "disciplining" the overly content Italian populace, which "needed a bloodbath for its force to be renewed." Machiavelli's Cesare Borgia remained a constant source of political inspiration. In spite of his advocacy, however, Mussolini never enjoyed witnessing actual violence as did Hitler.

Mack Smith attributes Mussolini's successes and failures to the essentially journalistic method the Duce used to

govern. As the editor of the ultra-left-wing newspaper *Avanti!* he gained experience on which he drew for the rest of his life. He learned to invent news stories and found that he could disregard consistency as long as he kept his hold on the popular attention.

While this approach helped the revolutionary to attain power, it was disastrous for the head of state and the military commander. Orders were issued and programs announced for their publicity value, then were countermanded or canceled haphazardly. To the end of his days, Mussolini spent more effort reviewing and preparing news stories about his regime than in carefully implementing his orders.

His relations with the Vatican were, perhaps, characteristic of his whole method. Though he tried to portray the Vatican concordat as one of the greatest achievements of Fascism, the accord was only superficial. Pius XI initially thought the Duce a man sent by God to save Italy from atheistic liberals, but church and state were soon at loggerheads again. Mussolini confiscated more Catholic newspapers after the concordat than before, and when Pius wrote him a letter objecting to a burst of Fascist antisemitism, Mussolini forbade any paper to print it. Mack Smith opines, "At no time was the tension with the Vatican so bitter as after the concordat." Fascist dogma allowed only one infallible person in Italy, and he was not the Pope.

From his reading of Nietzsche, Mussolini conceived the idea of a new Italian superman; he himself would be the prototype. The Duce was the man "who alone could be trusted," who directed everything within Fascist Italy personally. At times, he held as many as eight cabinet posts while still performing the duties of head of state and commander of the armed forces.

The results were predictable. Mussolini's plans were never carefully enough thought out or followed through to achieve even minimum success—good luck for the Allies, since he eventually proved a serious burden for Hitler.

His was a politics of poetry, an appeal to that side of the European imagination which perhaps still waits for genuine renewal. The Duce's program, however, proved to be only theatrics: consummate oratory, noble in scope—but disastrous. An Italian writer discovered the key to Mussolini's career: "His trionics were not just second nature to him, they were his real nature." □

RICHARD NIXON

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By Paul Fussell

Oxford, 284 pp., \$15.95

HONORABLE DISCHARGES

THOMAS MALLON

If the word were not so often connotative of illiteracy, it would be tempting to call Paul Fussell a "sociologist" of books. In this collection of essays one finds him gingerly explaining literature in terms of the real circumstances from which it springs and in which it gets read. He takes on such jobs as exposing the racial sanitizing of Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* in our squeamishly enlightened age; celebrating the "classical ethics" of "The Official Boy Scout Handbook"; explaining the exhausting mania that drives the machinery of South African sex censorship ("Smut-Hunting in Pretoria"); and discoursing upon the reasons for our current appetite for things Edwardian. He can read photographs and places with the same casual brilliance he brings to a text. The essays in each of this collection's five parts—"Americana," "Hazards of Literature," "Going Places," "Britons, Largely Eccentric," and "Versions of the Second World War"—come from a steady faith in what empiricism and common sense can do when leavened by language that has wit and precision.

It is all done with a fine lack of stuffiness. Fussell finds, for example, that the supposed polarity of Whitman and Poe is actually bridged by the "bit of P. T. Barnum in both"; and if their descendant Harry Crosby "had studied and thought and practiced all his life he might—just might—have become a fourth-rate Hart Crane." Fussell would, one feels, rather like a book than dislike it, but when his duty is to put it down he does it: "Not all Dr. Ober's essays are ridiculous. Some are pointless . . ." He has a nice unacademic fondness for contractions and mild profanity and jazzy parentheses. (One parenthetical cavil of my own: in the name of good taste and humanity can we retire the use of the term "final solution" in any other context but its appalling original one?) The only pedagogical baggage he brings to this book from his

job at Rutgers is the occasional use of the examination: "Notes on Class" and "Can Graham Greene Write English?" come with exercises and quizzes appended. So read carefully; there will be a test.

His travel pieces make agreeable reading, but he is really better when talking about characters who have gotten themselves mixed up with literature—operators and frauds and crazies from Boswell to Baron Corvo to Somerset Maugham. He knows, contrary to university practice, that "personality never hurt any piece of writing." His own writing has plenty, and it is of the wry, exasperated, and grumpily humane variety.

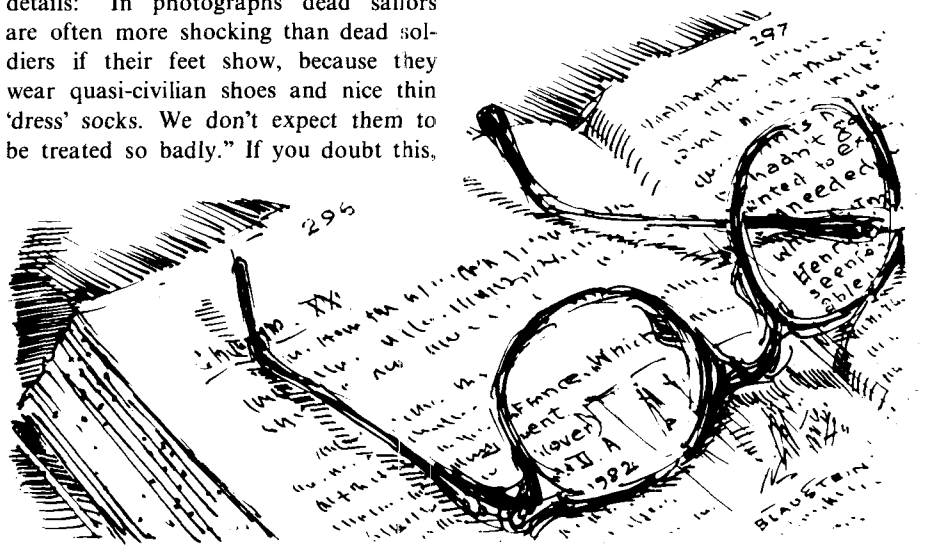
Anyone familiar with *The Great War and Modern Memory* (1975), Fussell's magnificent study of the ironic consciousness that emerged from the First World War—a sort of brilliant extended overstatement with which all future scholarship will have to cope—will be eager to read his critical and personal reflections on the Second. Most of the pieces in the last section of this book first came to life as reviews (of Herman Wouk; of the re-issued *Yank*; of Time-Life's photo history of the war), but an overall view of the war emerges from them and coheres: namely, that although it was "necessary it was absurd and cruel, reasonable in intent but botched in particulars, a task for professionals bungled by amateurs." He prefers authors who recognize it as "a murderous farce," however high-minded the Allies' aims.

Fussell is bent on extirpating sentimentality and myth from present retrospection. One of his techniques for doing so is to pay attention to ghastly details: "In photographs dead sailors are often more shocking than dead soldiers if their feet show, because they wear quasi-civilian shoes and nice thin 'dress' socks. We don't expect them to be treated so badly." If you doubt this,

remember how this summer the photographs of dead horses in Hyde Park seemed somehow more terrible than the ones of limbless bandmen in Regents Park.

In the final piece in the volume, "My War," Fussell is very hard on his own youthful illusions; they had to be shot out of him in France on March 15, 1945. He came back thoroughly transformed: "Indeed, the careful reader will have discerned in all the essays in this book a speaker who is really a pissed-off infantryman, disguised as a literary and cultural commentator."

TRYING TO REMEMBER something as simultaneously necessary and absurd demands a brave double vision. Fussell emphasizes the absurdity because he has so often seen the necessity rendered with limp nostalgia. But I wonder how easily the perception of nobility will die. I have stood near my father's marker (#764, Section 4) in the veterans' cemetery in which he was buried in 1980, and felt private thoughts give way to the abashed civic realization of how little I, and many of my generation and sort, have been called upon to do. Camouflaged from the draft a decade ago in our coats of student ivy, we are now comfortably settling into our lives. When I consider my father's and Fussell's generation, and then look at my own and myself, it's hard not to think what a falling-off was there. I suspect this is the last mood Fussell wants his clear-eyed and demythologizing book to summon; but it's the mood I was put in nonetheless. As one of the great modern students of irony, he will, I hope, understand and forgive. □



The GIMLET EYE

THE NOBEL SPERM BANK

D. KEITH MANO

Child, your daddy come from Escondido, California on a Greyhound bus. Saw him first in the big terminal downtown and, let me tell you, it wasn't no love at first look, uh-uh. Don't know his proper name even now, but he had a 200 IQ and a mean—oh, real mean—temperature of -196 C., what with all that liquid nitrogen they stuck around him. Fact is, child, your father arrived fast froze within this here clunky metal canister. There was plastic straws full of his ice cold man-seed inside, plus egg yolk t'help make it more fertile—could've been you turned out a chicken rather than the human child you are. I put him in me, straw after straw, day after day, month

after month, whenever my ovulation time come on—till finally you caught fire like grass and kindling blown by the desert wind. Hon, if you have an Oedipus complex, it is sure gonna be some strange thing to stare at, yes sir . . .

The Repository for Germinal Choice (Nobel Sperm Bank) first began putting prize seed on ice in 1977. By 1979 RGC had broken its hymen, so to speak: the initial sperm shipment was made then. Thus far two children have been born. Between twenty and thirty women are getting cold-studded right now: six have become pregnant. Twenty donors, each a mega-brain scientist, are in the freezer tray. This may not sound impressive: still, those twenty have given enough germinal stuff for eight hundred inseminations per month. No donor is paid. The semen will be provided free, some few incidental costs aside—deposit on your liquid nitrogen canister, say, or Greyhound fare (more if your paterfamilias is sent, stork-wise, by Emery Air Freight). Overall cost \$500 or thereabout: cheap in comparison with most

mechanical siring programs, I am told. From May to September 1982, as the recognition coefficient for RGC grew, more than four hundred women applied. The Nobel Sperm Bank isn't a *Saturday Night Live* one-liner. Unlike your lap, it won't just go away if you stand up.

And I think the whole idea is damn fine. Understand that RGC has limited its good breeding: only a husband and wife, where the former is infertile, may request these prime germs. (Though one unwed woman did slip through.) About 5 per cent of all American marriages fit the criteria. And they, that 5 per cent, represent our best child-rearing environment. The divorce rate among couples who choose insemination (any sort) is 3 per cent—as compared to a general divorce rate of, oh, 240 per cent, some hair-raising figure like that. The infertile necessarily achieve parenthood rather late: after much frustration and at least some mature thought. If these people don't use RGC, they'll patronize some less fastidious sperm retailer. They want children. In this age of abortion for

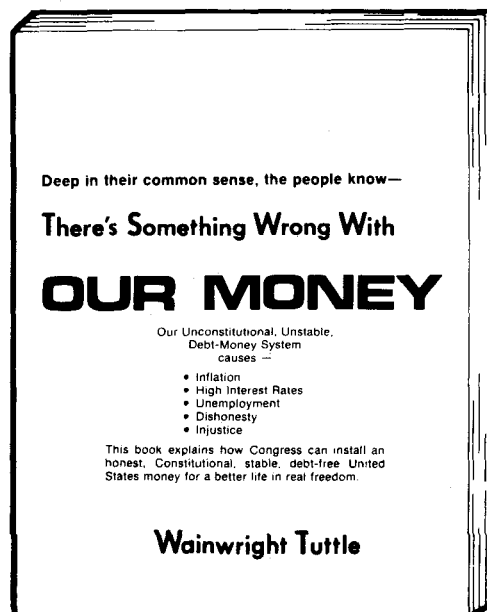
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mere convenience, I'm not going to drop the tablets on them and yell sacrilege. Anyhow, Jesus said, "Whosoever looketh on a woman" (or a man) "to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." And, by the same stricture, where no lust is, there is no adultery. Metal canisters don't inflame passion, I think.

Realize that artificial insemination, until now, has been a daub-and-wattle exercise. As Dr. Shelly Wieder, medical director at RGC, will tell you, "Major studies reveal that no screening whatever is done of the donor by many gynecologists. Very often the common practice is for a gynecologist just to walk up to a medical student or resident and say, 'How about being a donor?' And they get paid 35, forty dollars." Not what you'd call eugenic, I reckon. We've been making a nation of interns: interns, moreover, who may have some heritable genetic disorder.

High-IQ people, on average, are healthier, stronger, more athletic. Even so, only one prize donor in the RGC stable was found to possess no genetic defect whatever. Of course RGC would eliminate a prospective father who has schizophrenia growing on his family tree. But there is room for chromosomal compromise. Most folk wouldn't mind being Einstein with myopia, maybe, or hereditary hemorrhoids. After the recipient couple have been screened, they are sent a sort of seed catalogue to pick from. This is as descriptive as anonymity will permit: eye color, hair color, height, intelligence, profession, etc.—plus the odd genetic disadvantage. In general, 100-IQ women crossbred with

200-IQ men will harvest 130-IQ children. That 130 score would put junior among the top 2 per cent of American children. (By contrast, a 130 Japanese child is only top-ten stuff: no wonder the Japanese thought up Betamax and car dumping.)

Yes, we're talking about genetic manipulation here. And, within reason, it's about time. After all, liberal government has been fouling our gene pool for a long while now. Dr. Robert K. Graham, founder of RGC, says, "Essentially we tax disproportionately the able producers, who, for this and other causes, are reducing their birthrate. At the same time, we pay the indigents to produce." College tuition and a high tax rate are marvelously contraceptive: they rendered me sterile at two children. Is progressive income-taxing more moral, less manipulative, than a progressive attitude toward gene improvement? I don't think so.

And I've heard the other argument, thanks: that high intelligence, per se, can thrive (Hitler, Lenin) with madness, sadism, and perfect misery. The same person who will argue against breeding for IQ because it is authoritarian and arbitrary will set up an open-enrollment program or a remedial-education system that *he* can control. Personally, I prefer faith and grace and honor to pure brain voltage, but the chromosomal thread for goodness hasn't been isolated yet. So, meanwhile, give me another Newton, another Eliot. As long as RGC restricts itself to the married infertile who would use insemination anyhow, I think it is an affirmation, nothing less, of the resolute and ever hopeful human spirit.

Beyond that, beyond those infertile, well . . . I'll need time, and so will you, to mull it over. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

GROWING UP, by Russell Baker (*Congdon & Weed*, 278 pp., \$15). Here Russell Baker, the *New York Times* "Observer" columnist, turns his talent to autobiography. The results are as happy as his fellow Baltimorean H. L. Mencken's were when he ventured into the form in his *Days* books. Baker has shown his readers some of this material before—notably in 1979, the year he won the Pulitzer Prize—but the story is especially well told here. His father, a Virginia stonecutter, died when Russell was five, and the boy was subsequently raised almost singlehandedly by his mother, who informed him early on, "If you think I'm going to raise a good-for-nothing, you've got another think coming." Her efforts to "get him to make something of himself" unquestionably earn her a place as one of the great mothers in American writing, on a par with, and quite similar to, Eliza Gant in Thomas Wolfe's autobiographical first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*. This is as much the story of Lucy Baker's struggling against the Depression as it is of her son's growing up, and it is often quite moving. The Bakers' circumstances were somewhat unusual, but the story and the characters are familiar ones. Here are the usual assortment of jobs and ne'er-do-well relatives. There is no character or tale here so fabulous as to be unbelievable, which puts the author in the same realist-humorist category as George Ade, Mencken, and Jean Shepherd, who have all shown American life as it is really lived: routine contentment continually interrupted by high drama and crucial turning points, shot through with desperate comedy. *Growing Up* is a satisfying read, and it will also tell future biographers something about the origins of Baker's humor, his skepticism, and even his ear for quirky dialogue.

JOE MYSAK

AN INDECENT OBSESSION, by Colleen McCullough (*Harper & Row*, 317 pp., \$13.50). There is a thin line that separates the potboiler from a "good read." Colleen McCullough, author of the best-selling *The Thornbirds*, hovers precariously on that dividing line in her latest novel. World War II is ending, an Australian field hospital on one of the Pacific islands will soon be closed, and the patients and personnel are to return to Australia. The central character, Sister Honour Langtry, is in sole charge of the mental ward. She is, though in less obvious ways, as disturbing a character as her charges; noble, strong, and caring, she is a victim



THE RIGHT BOOKS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ONE OF THE more egregious sins of innocence perpetrated by the fey Administration of Jimmy Carter was its wholly unrealistic and, indeed, irresponsible crusade against the sale of American arms to friends and allies—and potential friends and allies—around the world. Immediately after his inauguration, President Carter dispatched diplomats and messengers to various European capitals to urge a reduction in arms sales and transfers, and announced that henceforward the sale of conventional weaponry would be regarded as an “exceptional foreign-policy implement, to be used only in instances where it can be clearly demonstrated that the transfer contributes to our national security interests.”

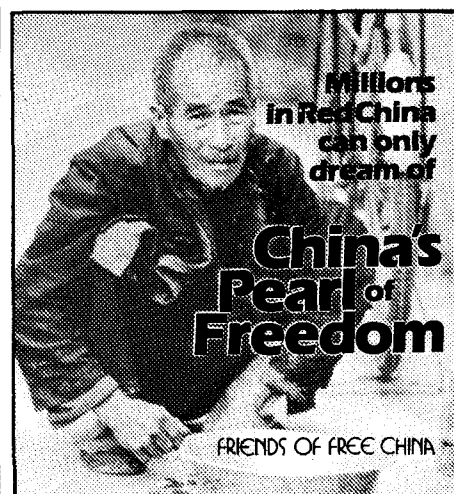
Whereupon the greatest foe of armament since Major Barbara proceeded to draft a set of guidelines, announced in May of 1977, setting a sales ceiling in dollars, removing the economic incentives for transfers, putting all kinds of restrictions on types of weapons, mixing in the vexed and in this case quite irrelevant—or anyway secondary—question of “human rights,” and in essence adopting a policy of unilateral restraint. (In so doing, it is fair to add, Carter was merely capping, or codifying, a trend that had begun in Congress almost a decade before.) Then suddenly it was 1981: enter Ronald Reagan.

As President, Reagan has sought to reinvest the question of international arms sales with the urgency it carried in the post-Stalin Fifties, treating it as “an essential element of [our] global defense posture and an indispensable component of [our] foreign policy.” His Administration has rescinded many of the Carter sentimentalities and replaced them, not with rigid guidelines, but with a cold determination to approach the issue on a case-by-case basis, giving our allies priority second only to the national security of the United States itself. The authors of an interesting primer called *U.S. Arms Sales Policy: Background and Issues* (American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research,

1150 17th St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036; \$4.95) offer an historically based assessment of both sides of the question in which they ostensibly decline to take sides or draw conclusions, though it seems to me perfectly clear from the structure of their book, let alone its imprimatur, where they stand.

Writing with the assistance of Diana H. Richman, Roger P. Labrie, John G. Hutchins, and Edwin W. A. Peura lay out, in two separate chapters, the case for curtailing the sales of arms abroad and the case for continuing and even expanding them. As I say, they draw no pointed conclusions, but the very organization of their book gives the last word to the proponents of the post-Carter position. And it is hard to doubt, after considering the arguments pro and con, that it is the correct position, the opposite argument representing merely moral prostration before guilt, the burden of power, and the complexities of global politics.

BEFORE WORLD WAR II the U.S. was the third busiest exporter of armaments, after France and Great Britain; the USSR was way below that. Since World War II—just since 1970 in fact—the Soviet Union has become the biggest exporter, arms sales having become, in the era of Communism’s fading attractiveness, the principal carrot by which the Kremlin makes converts. Hence, a program of considered sales by the United States will contribute to stability between the superpowers and around the world. More than that, it will strengthen the posture of our allies, making it less likely that we will ever have to offer direct military assistance; it will improve the security and infrastructures of our Third World allies, thus contributing to their further development and prosperity; it will enhance our own economy and improve our balance of trade, as well as provide us with political leverage around the world. Indeed, this little book tells you all kinds of things the Carter Administration never figured out. □



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of one of the more subtle sins of vanity—the belief in one's indispensability—and enjoys the power that illusion creates. However, the men rely on her to maintain their own balance and the delicate balance that has been constructed within the group. Then a newcomer, Mike, sane, sensible, and handsome, arrives and innocently destroys this equilibrium. The disruption has tragic consequences for "Sis" and her men; in the world of the deranged sanity can be deadly. The book appears to have larger ambitions than mere best-sellerdom: the theme of the call of duty (the indecent obsession) as opposed to normal life, and the observation of a confined group under stress. But Colleen McCullough either is incapable of dealing with the more profound implications of her story, or deliberately chooses not to do so. The result is a book that cannot quite cross over the line.

JUDITH CHETTLER

WINDOWS ON THE MIND: *Reflections on the Physical Basis of Consciousness*, by Erich Harth (Morrow, 285 pp., \$15). This book might have been subtitled "the brain viewed in bits and pieces." Harth, a physicist, summarizes the research of the past ten or twenty years by people who believe thought and feeling are best studied by examining neurons, ganglions, and the like. The microscopic approach impresses Harth, but not unduly. With a light touch, he qualifies scientists' proclamations of great leaps forward. The discovery that electrical energy wells in the brain prior to the dispatch of a nerve signal to a muscle,

for example, brought torrents of praise from research laboratories. Harth makes the point, appropriately, that it seems to have little to do with the composition of Beethoven's Ninth; there is an intangible force, he insists, behind the purely physical building blocks of the nervous system. For a moment here he gives the impression of throwing his lot in with the science mystics who, around 1960, began infiltrating the ranks of brain researchers. Quantum theory is their particular inspiration. The theory restored subjectivity in the estimation of scientists by postulating that the presence of an observer can affect the course of an apparently independent event. The science mystics took the theory as license to solve by unorthodox means sticky questions like the mind-body problem. Is there an entity beyond the biological stuff of the brain, a mind that exists independently? Yes, and it behaves rather like a ghost, say the quantum aficionados. Harth wants no truck with them. Although he acknowledges that the mysteries of brain research tempt one to startling conclusions, he prefers to take things step by step: "The scientist is more a laborer than a magician. His task is the careful cultivation and gathering of knowledge gained through the observation of the world around him and of himself." Thus the book's concentration on technical details. Harth believes that if scientists examine enough pieces they eventually will see the whole. It is a formula based on monumental patience, and those who champion it loudest are themselves prone to doubt. As if to emphasize the

point, Harth ends the book by recollecting the time he spent with a wealthy family on an island off the Brazilian coast. The people, of whom Harth speaks admiringly, were mystics.

PAUL T. HORNAK

THE HARPER ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY, edited by John Frederick Nims (Harper & Row, 842 pp., \$15). Famed as a poet, teacher, translator, editor of *Poetry* magazine, great explainer of prosody, Nims has put 15 years of work and a lifetime of experience into making an anthology in which seven hundred selections are gathered—some from first editions and even original manuscripts. Ranging from A.D. 1200 through the modern era, this refreshing collection offers many not-often-anthologized poems by major poets (Robert Browning, W. B. Yeats, Wallace Stevens, Ezra Pound, Marianne Moore); good anonymous poems; great poems by minor poets (Greene, Southwell, Dekker, Cowley, Rochester, Emily Brontë, Cleveland's "Upon the death of Mr. King drowned in the Irish Sea," Swift's "Rhapsody" on poetry, Elizabeth Barrett Browning on male chauvinism in Victorian England, Clough's "Natura naturans," James Russell Lowell's poem about political corruption and the public's indifference to it, John Davidson's "A Runnable Stag," much admired by Eliot); a broader and deeper presentation of American poets (Jones Very, Frederick Tuckerman, Mona Van Duyn, a concrete poem by e. e. cummings, and Andrew Weiman's phonemic double helix poem). To Nims, poems are good to the degree that while existing as voice alone they can beam the intensities of our nature into the world of words. Their essential qualities are: life, vitality, body-and-soul being. The anthology also contains explanations of poems, prosody notes, and biographical sketches of authors.

NEREO E. CONDINI

VISIONS FROM SAN FRANCISCO BAY, by Czeslaw Milosz (Farrar, 226 pp., \$14.95). "I can boil it all down to three sets of pros and cons," Czeslaw Milosz states near the end of this collection of philosophical essays: "for the so-called average man, against the arrogance of intellectuals; for the Biblical tradition, against the search for individual or collective nirvana; for science and technology, against the dreams of primeval innocence." First published in Polish in 1969, these critical assessments and fanciful ruminations on America and Western civilization by a poet and Nobel Prize winner, now a professor at Berkeley, vibrate with a mystical piety reminiscent of Blake or Swedenborg. Milosz draws his energy from a lyrical, dialectical idealism that, as in the quotation above, pits God and order against atheism and chaos, knowledge against primitivism, and common perseverance



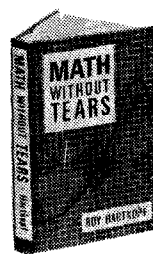
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against elitist withdrawal. ("Resignation to the inevitable is the heroism of the common people," he says in his essay "Migrations," praising the common people who migrated to the United States looking for a better life and endured hardship to survive.) Milosz views California, the westernmost point of the contiguous United States, as a metaphor both for what Western civilization has become, and for where it might go. It is the battleground for his three sets of pros and cons, the arena where past and future have spawned a chaotic present. Wide-ranging in his contemplations, Milosz manages to discuss Henry Miller, Herbert Marcuse, Robinson Jeffers, and Johann August Sutter (all transplanted Californians), as well as Marxism, the Marquis de Sade, and Herman Melville. Milosz's visions, finally, are fueled by the clash between the old and the new, a clash with deeply personal roots. As a refugee from both Hitlerism and Stalinism, Milosz nostalgically recalls the European culture those madmen ravaged, at the same time realizing it was that very culture which produced such creatures. His final testament at the end of the book, regarding America and his own life, must simply be quoted: "I am

certain only of my amazement. Amazement that something like America exists, and that humanity still exists, though it should have exterminated itself long ago or perished from starvation, from epidemics, or from the poisons it excretes. But amazement induces silent contemplation, and whenever I take up my pen, which itself pretends to knowledge, since language is composed of affirmations and negations, I treat that act only as the exorcism of the evil spirits of the present."

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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HELENE VON DAMM:

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Reaganomics Viewed from China

On The Right

Peking, Oct. 18—There is advantage to be got from being far, far away when the President speaks on important domestic matters. I was handed a copy of Mr. Reagan's address on the economy by the U.S. Embassy in Peking, and the four hundred Americans I traveled with during the ensuing 24 hours exhibited no curiosity concerning it: they are a hardy group of travelers, who, in a single day, were forced to meditate the infinite preparations made for the death of a Ming emperor six hundred years ago, and who accepted stoically the absolutely unheralded death of one of our number at the railroad station in Peking—who, after touring the Forbidden City, keeled over, and, at age 85, died most gracefully, and is at this moment, I devoutly hope, telling the Emperor Chang Ling that, really, all that fuss and bother was unnecessary.

So how does a Reagan speech read in the Middle Kingdom, away from the instant analysis of CBS, James Reston, Democratic Truth Squads, and surreptitious Republican critics?

So-so. Mr. Reagan, as usual, shows that he is on to a lot of things; but does not reveal that there are a lot of things he either is not on to, or does not choose at the moment to speak about.

Concerning what he calls the five major economic concerns, he correctly lays claim to having done something about four of them. Inflation is lessened, so are interest rates, so are taxes, so is the rate of growth in government spending. Left over is—unemployment.

Mr. Reagan went on, by means of charts, to demonstrate that inflation and deficit spending have had in the past 14 years the effect of giving us ups and downs in the employment rate, but every time we get an up it is lower than the previous up: so that, for instance, when unemployment bottomed out in 1968 it was 3.6 per cent, rising then to a high of 5.9 per cent, from which it retreated to 4.9 per cent—but that was 30 per cent higher than the previous bottom. So, said Mr. Reagan, it has been going—because of the inflationary fuel. But once we truly lick that, then interest rates will come down, savings will increase, revitalization will come to industry, and we will be happy ever after—fit

to relax in my favorite of the Emperor's lesser residences in the Forbidden City, his Palace of Accumulated Elegance.

Now what Mr. Reagan said is certainly correct insofar as his prescriptions go. I.e., inflation, taxes, a cancerous growth of the public sector, all these have contributed to what we call structural unemployment.

But there are other problems. We know, of course, that it wasn't inflation, or deficit spending, that sustained our great unemployment of the Thirties—queasy encyclopedias have been written, inquiring into the causes of that affliction. Whatever the verdict on the mismanagement of the Thirties, we seem to be facing in the Eighties a problem that in some respects seems to be trans-ideologized. We have severe unemployment in free-enterprise-oriented economies (our own); but also in socialist-oriented economies (India's, for instance). Once again, people are wondering whether the old rules apply after society reaches certain levels of technological sophistication.

The basic proposition was named after the Frenchman Jean-Baptiste Say. He said, in effect, back in the early 1800s, that production will breed its own demand. This crucial insight derives from axiomatic knowledge of human beings and of nature. Human beings are never satisfied: always, we want more. Accordingly, there cannot be overproduction. But nature is stingy: there is a scarcity. More people "want" than nature "provides." Accord-

ingly, sensible economic management is guided by the precept: Do not stand in the way of the consumers' expressing their demands on nature. If there is too much static between the parties (in the form of high taxes, regulation, monopoly, tariffs), then the signals won't get through; and what you will get is stagnation.

A suspicion is very much around these days that such stagnation has come to us, and the wise men are busy giving us the sophisticated—ultrasophisticated, perhaps—reasons why, this time around, Say's Law really doesn't work.

Well, Mr. Reagan hasn't accosted the problem directly. In fact, Say's Law has not been repealed, not at all. There are—it is estimated—ten million illegals in the United States who are working. And 11 million Americans who are not. What is the difference between the two groups? Say would have said: taxes, regulation, Social Security, minimum wages, and welfare disincentives. What would Reagan say Say'd have said? Perhaps we will need to wait for a post-election speech. □

PUNISHING DRAFT DODGERS

New York, Oct. 20—For reasons ostensibly persuasive but not really convincing, the

media have devoted substantial time to reciting the motives of the various young men the Feds have got around to prosecuting for failure to register.

If one knew nothing at all of the particulars, one could easily guess from what categories they came. Beginning on the left is the anarchist, or near-anarchist. His line is: "What does the government think it is doing, asking me to register? I do not recognize the authority of the government over my own body."

Moving a little toward the center, there is the young man who takes the position that he will not consent to cooperate with coercive machinery that might have him fighting in a war he does not approve of. During the Vietnam War, when this conjugation of pacifism was being discussed, it was called "selective conscientious objection."

A third category would be the young man who, suffering as a rule from an in-



feriority complex, desires to draw attention to himself. There is a syndrome that comprises his public activity. In his classrooms he tends to contumacy, on the road he exceeds the speed limit, at home he is defiant.

And, finally, there is the pacifist who, while recognizing that the United States Government has for many years made provisions to spare conscientious objectors the obligation to do combat duty, nevertheless feels that a comprehensive negation of war requires also the negation of the administrative machinery of war, of which the draft is concededly a part. This thinking, by the way, is philosophically related to that of the post-draft-age citizen who decides to ventilate his defiance by refusing to pay his taxes. Or rather, by refusing to pay that portion of his taxes used to create atom bombs. Bishop Hunthausen of Seattle has, in his war against the atom, conveniently arrived at the figure of 50 per cent. Well, the least of that bishop's sins is that he can't do arithmetic very well.

Now all the above is interesting sociologically, but should not prove interesting—my point—to juries, or to judges. The motivation of a law-breaker ought to figure in the finding of guilt or innocence, or in the handing down of the lighter or the heavier penalty, only if that motivation goes to the question of whether he acted under duress. The classic example, of course, is provocation.

"Why did you then shoot Charles?"

"Objection, your honor. We are interested in facts: he did or he did not shoot Charles."

"Objection overruled. The witness is directed to answer the question."

"Well, I shot Charles because he had a gun in his hand and he said he was going to shoot me."

For the courts to immerse themselves in the motivations of the draft resister is to suggest that these are relevant to the questions the law needs to determine. They are not. If willful (as distinguished from accidental) failure to register is established, the defendant should be found guilty, and sentenced.

TO WHAT? I confess to being jarred by the heavy sentence (two and one-half years) given out a fortnight ago by a federal judge. One may accept the notion that a sentence should be as heavy as necessary to bring on the desired empirical effect—in this case, to reverse the law-breaking tide. This is a delicate business, as Governor Rockefeller discovered when he flirted with the idea that life sentences were all you needed to stop dope traffic in New York.

But one wonders whether a different appeal to civic pride might not at least be experimented with, say for a year or two.

The state could, with dignity, remove from the convicted draft dodger the right to vote, on the grounds that a refusal to abide by the decisions of democracy rescinds the right to participate in those decisions. Or, going many steps further: the draft dodger could be denied the right to drive a car, on the argument that driving is a civil liberty deniable to a convicted felon. That argument needs a little philosophical joiner-work, but it is do-able.

The objective, surely, would be to point, conspicuously, to those who denied to a country the elementary right to organize so as to protect itself. And to hope that the healthier juices of that society would provide the stimulus to correction. These are better than prison bars. □

PETER PUCK

*New York, Oct. 22—*People who worry so fulsomely about the awful things happening to America because of Ronald Reagan are so obsessed with our own ill-health they do not look south, or north. A pity, certainly if it is so that misery loves company. But a pity in particular if we are supposed to assume that what is wrong in America is caused by the conservative inclinations of the President. In Mexico, unemployment is at about 50 per cent, and the peso is worth about a penny, down from eight cents a while back. Mexico is run by a self-denominated socialist. To the north, Canada has unemployment of almost 11 per cent, inflation higher than that, corporate profits down 50 per cent, a stock index down 40 per cent, and just about everybody in a towering rage over Canada's leader, a non-self-denominated socialist. Another way of saying it is that there is reason to wonder whether the United States would be as badly off as Mexico or Canada if we followed Mexico's or Canada's policies, which are, roughly, those of Ted Kennedy and Fritz Mondale.

But in Canada there is a phenomenon worth spending a moment or two on. A minor phenomenon, at the moment, but one capable of sudden, and dramatic, growth. His name is Peter Pocklington, he is a high-school dropout from London, Ontario, he is forty years old, lives in Edmonton, Alberta, is chairman of the board of a company that owns a little of just about everything, and all of some things, one of these being Wayne Gretzky.

I do not follow the sport, and perhaps you do not, in which case permit me to explain that to mention the name Wayne Gretzky in Canada is on the order of mentioning Joe Louis, Babe Ruth, Pelé, Joe Namath, Jim Thorpe, and Charles Lindbergh, rolled into one. Wayne Gretzky, age 21, is a shy young man who plays hockey for the Edmonton Oilers, and if

tomorrow he wanted to be prime minister of Canada, or maybe king, all he would need to do is express a velleity at breakfast, and the only question would be how to allocate the seats for his inauguration.

Well, Pocklington discovered and owns Gretzky. And I mean owns Gretzky—a twenty-year contract. Pocklington quit school when he discovered that at age 16 he was earning more money than the principal. At 21 he was bankrupt—so what? Then car dealerships, and eventually the whole multi-millionaire bit.

Well, one day recently he was driving from some place to some place, and an epiphany hit him. It didn't cause him to drive off the road, but it said to him, simply, that he was bound to be the next prime minister of Canada, that his mission to achieve that office was co-extensive with a mission to save Canada from its awful economic plight, unquestionably caused by its awful political leadership. So Pocklington has more or less let out the word that he is running. The big date is in January, when he has scheduled himself to compete with Joe Clark for the leadership of the opposition. The idea is to win that, then take a riding (what they call a congressional seat in Canada), then face Trudeau in the elections, and beat him so decisively that Trudeau will leave Canada, in search of a fresh nation whose economy he can ruin.

Now Pocklington is going about Canada giving speeches. These, to tell the truth, do not, as literature, inspire this reader. But their content does. No Canadian writer has written about Peter Pocklington without using the word "simplistic." It is a wonderfully useful word to be used by ambiguists who, however, have a wonderful capacity, in this world, for making things so complicated that they don't work. I have a feeling that the man who sketched the wheel would have been smiled at over the seven o'clock news as an eccentric inventor who had a simplistic idea about solving the problem of forward motion.

Pocklington wants nobody to be taxed higher than 20 per cent. He wants the first \$7,500 of income taxed at nothing at all. He wants to reduce Canada's huge national debt by, guess what? Selling Canada's publicly owned companies, most of which, needless to say, are losing money.

What else? Well, of course, there is more. But it is the simplistic things that appeal to me. I hope Peter Puck, as they refer to him, makes it, because I like Canada. And if Canada's publicly owned companies aren't enough to wipe away the national debt, why he could sell Wayne Gretzky. But Peter Puck wouldn't ever do that, not even for Canada. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A saint who was Bishop of Winchester	103 172 117 73 59 167 50	N. A town in Sharp County, Ark.	16 155 169 137 161 29 14
B. A town southeast of Sioux Falls	2 110 118 127 136 148 162 173 64 34	O. What the watchmaker spends his leisure time doing	56 88 12 27 35 97 177 33 115
C. A law	154 106 60 125 134 131 25	P. What a certain workman uses when he shaves	21 78 30 15 5 94
D. A musical instrument	168 114 87 141 53 124 67 20	Q. Victims of narcotics	36 39 120 42 152 126 135 142 28 76
E. A town in Walworth County, Wis.	18 143 11 129 149 139 49	R. Having no certain course	54 6 171 113 43 31 47 71
F. Greener	83 68 128 159 153	S. To postpone	122 157 17 48 132
G. More clement	92 13 144 176 107 158	T. A yen (not Japanese!)	145 100 84 44
H. Stephen Foster's were at home	99 151 164 23 146 175 95 1	U. A clever response to "How now, brown cow?"	37 101 62 163 7 170
I. An antonym of widened	165 38 57 75 77 8 96 63	V. What a teenager is	45 24 51 79 91 105 58 116 147 98
J. A senator from New York, 1947-1959	109 69 80 3	W. A backward Dorothea	52 65 166 32 26 138 10 140
K. A South American nation	111 156 40 150 82	X. What billiard balls are made of	70 19 119 108 89
L. The first Archbishop of Canterbury	130 174 61 4 104 41	Y. The first thing the politician took	85 93 46 112
M. Persons at the bottom of the economic pyramid	160 9 22 90 55 66 74 81 86 102	Z. A town southwest of Bogotá, Colombia	123 72 121 133

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*.

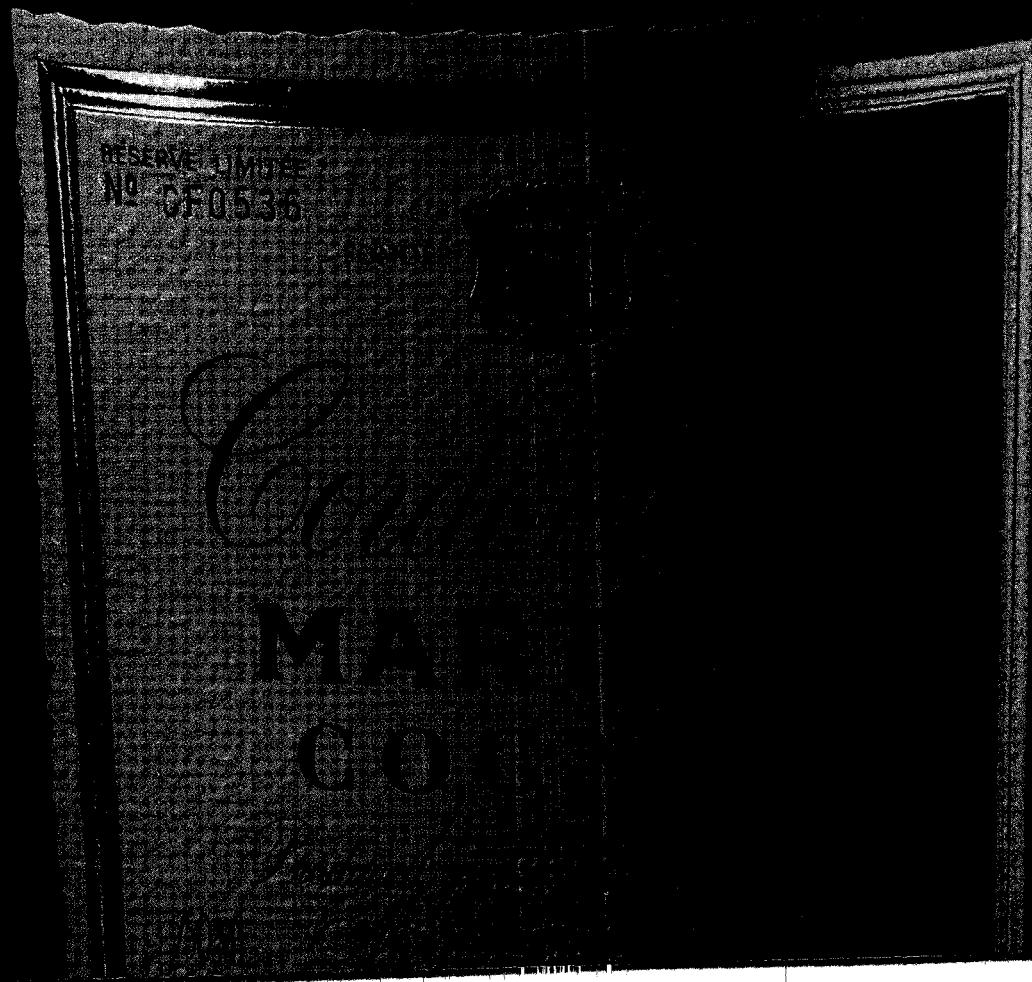
See page 1434 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1	H	2	B	3	J	4	L	5	P	6	R	7	U		8	I	9	M	10	W	11	E		12	O	13	G	14	N	15	P		16	N			
17	S	18	E	19	X	20	D	21	P		22	M	23	H		24	V	25	C	26	W	27	O	28	Q	29	N	30	F	31	R	32	W	33	O		
34	B	35	O	36	Q			37	U	38	I	39	Q	40	K	41	L	42	Q		43	R	44	T	45	V	46	Y		47	R	48	S	49	E	50	A
51	V	52	W			53	D	54	R		55	M	56	O	57	I	58	V	59	A	60	C	61	L	62	U	63	I		64	B	65	W	66	M	67	D
		68	F			69	J	70	X	71	Q	72	Z	73	A	74	M	75	I		76	Q	77	I		78	P		79	V	80	J	81	M	82	K	
83	F			84	T	85	Y	86	M	87	D	88	O	89	X		90	M	91	V	92	G	93	Y	94	P	95	H	96	I	97	O		98	V	99	H
		100	T	101	U	102	M			103	A	104	L	105	V	106	C	107	G	108	X		109	J	110	B		111	K	112	Y	113	R	114	D	115	O
116	V			117	A			118	B	119	X	120	Q	121	Z	122	S		123	Z	124	D	125	C		126	Q	127	B		128	F	129	E	130	L	
131	C			132	S	133	Z	134	C			135	Q	136	B		137	N	138	W	139	E		140	W		141	D	142	Q	143	E	144	G	145	T	
146	H	147	V			148	B	149	E	150	K	151	H	152	Q	153	F	154	C		155	N	156	K	157	S		158	G	159	F	160	M	161	N	162	B
163	U	164	H			165	I	166	W	167	A	168	D	169	N	170	U	171	R		172	A	173	B	174	L	175	H	176	C		177	O				

The taste is extravagant. The price, merely indulgent.



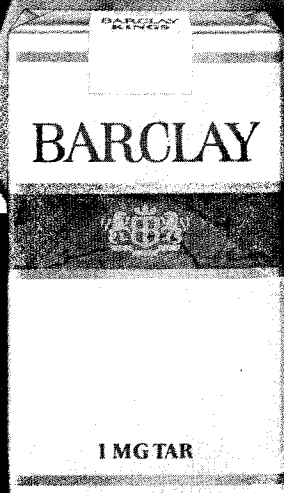
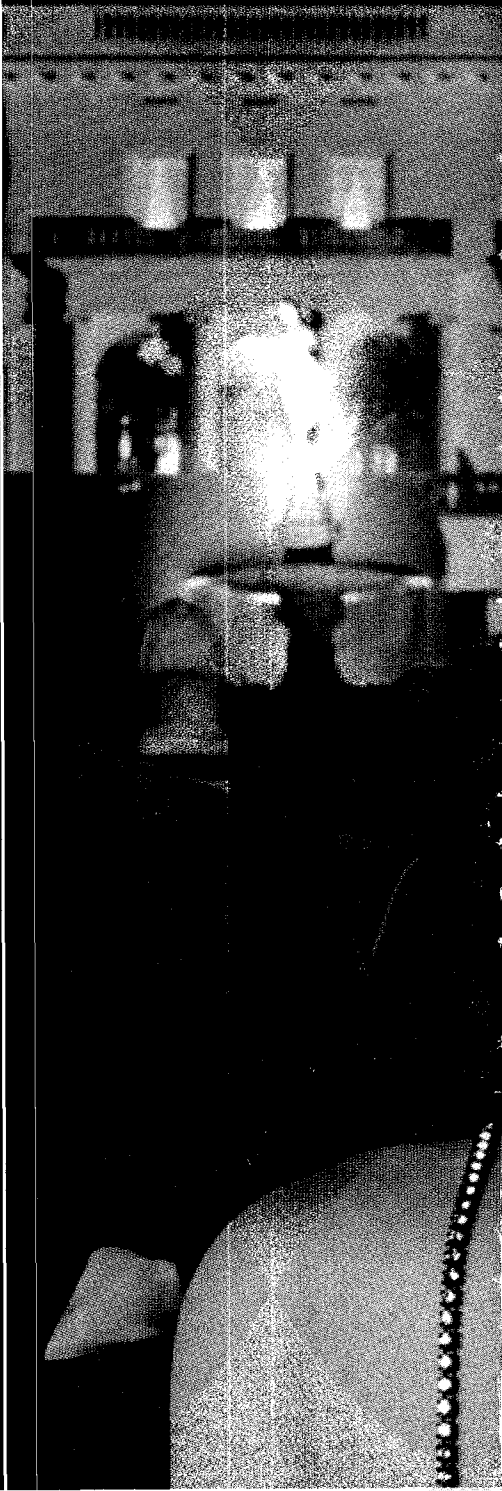
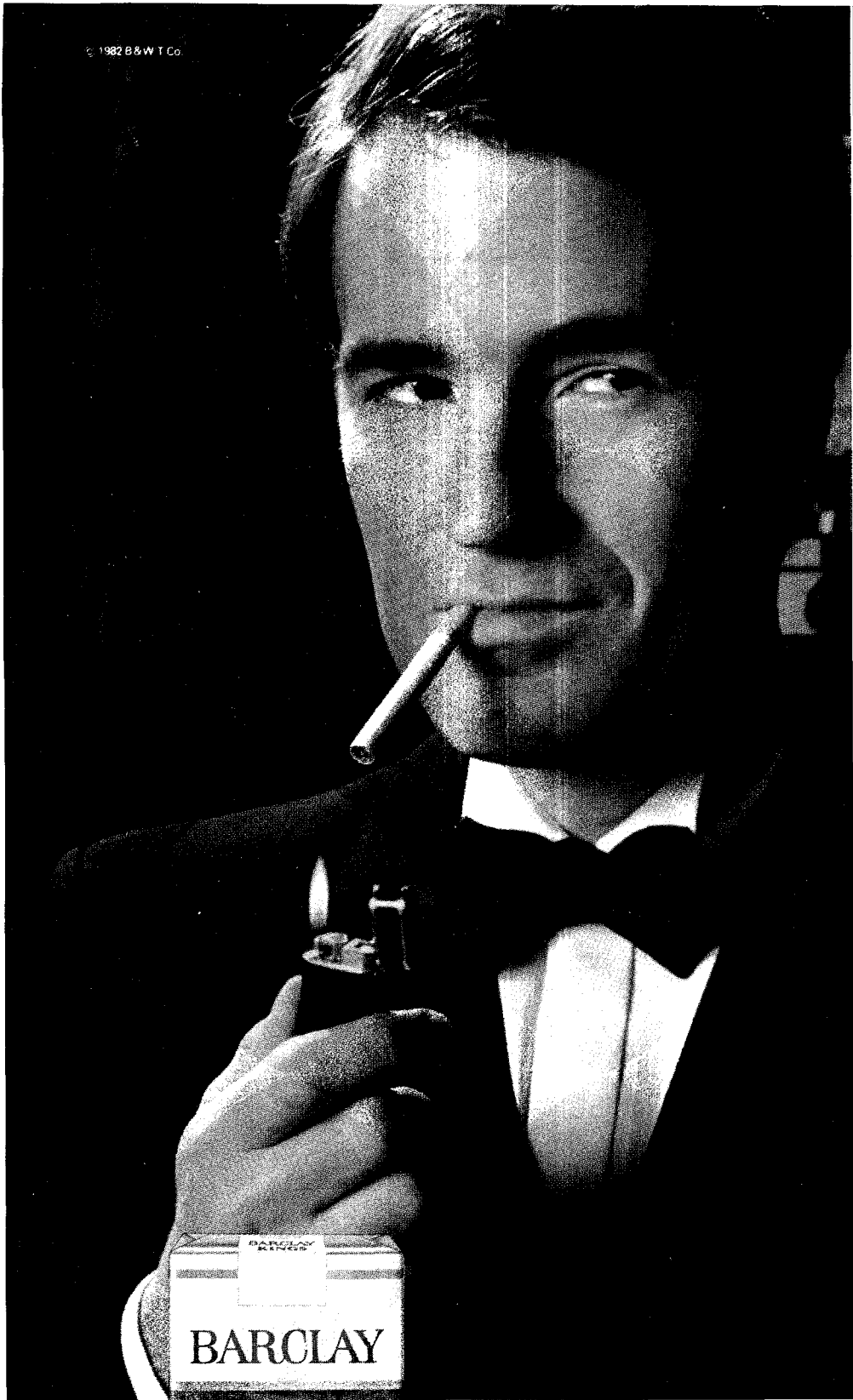
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